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AND

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*History, Philosophically Illustrated, from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the French Revolution.* By G. Miller, D.D. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1832. Duncan.

This is the work of an active and accomplished mind, occupied upon a subject worthy of the highest powers of man.

The reader will naturally desire to know something of the author. Dr. Miller has been long distinguished among the academic names of Ireland. At an early period of life he obtained the highest honour that can be achieved by literary acquirement in his own country—a fellowship in the University of Dublin, a prize to be obtained only by the most various and extensive trial of scientific and general knowledge. In the course of his duties as fellow and tutor, it fell to his lot to give a course of lectures on modern history. The attention which these lectures attracted in the University, induced him to investigate the subject more closely, on his retirement to the living which vacated his fellowship. New views opened, which led him still deeper into this captivating and important study; and, in the course of years, the work had swelled to a considerable number of volumes, which were published and received as a valuable acquisition to the world of literature.

But a vigorous and intelligent mind is always the first to find room for improvement in its own performances. The author undertook the main task of examining his whole work in detail; of weighing its facts, when the first eagerness of theory had cooled; and even of reducing the colours of his style, when the first enthusiasm of composition had passed away. It is now at length presented to the public entirely rewritten, with its earlier superfluities extinguished, and its original system reinforced by new views, new facts, and new arguments—a new work, the condensed wisdom and indefatigable research of thirty years of learning directed to the noblest purposes of which learning is capable.

In the preface we have a slight sketch of the mode in which the present theory dawned upon his mind.

"In looking through those compendiums of general history, which, he thought, might best furnish a plan of orderly connexion, he consulted Puffendorf's Introduction to the History of the Principal Kingdoms and States of Europe; and in perusing this work of a Protestant writer, he was particularly struck by the representation of the spiritual monarchy of Rome, which is very minutely detailed. By this he was led to consider the papacy more distinctly than he had ever done before, as arising naturally out of the earlier condition of modern Europe, and intimately affecting all the relations of the states, which were gradually formed from the ruins of the ancient empire of Rome. Here he seemed to have found a principle of real connexion, and not merely of orderly arrangement. He called to mind that he had learned to consider communities as

moral instruments of the providence of God, and the consideration of the use and influence of a state of a peculiar character, intimately connected with the rest, appeared to supply a principle of unity, by which some plan of providential government might, perhaps, be discovered, which should vindicate its truth by its manifest tendency to advance the improvement of mankind. The papacy, which he had been accustomed to consider as an abuse and an evil, might be admitted as furnishing the connecting principle, since he had learned to consider war itself as beneficial, and even as the proper agency by which one community influences another."

This was, however, but the centre of the circle. The states forming the circumference, the satellites of this sullen yet most powerful orb, were still to be examined. France, the predominant military power of Europe, in all ages formidable, restless, and pregnant with mighty influences on the general commonwealth of civilisation, compelled a large portion of his study. The reciprocal influences of this great country, of Germany, and of Italy, opened some admirable results;—but here we must let the author speak for himself.

"In studying the application of the notion of Mably, the history of the two important treaties of Westphalia and Utrecht came to be examined, the former having mainly adjusted the political relations of Europe in the seventeenth, the latter in the eighteenth century. In this examination two observations presented themselves, by which the plan was at length completely formed. It soon appeared that the adjustments effected by these two treaties were different; the former having constituted Austria the predominant, and France the opposing power; the latter having placed France in the position of Austria, and Great Britain in that of France. It accordingly occurred to the author, that there were two distinct periods in the arrangement of a balance of power, the Austrian and the French, and that the former was but preparatory to the latter. The other observation was, that, though almost all the powers of Europe were concerned in the negotiations of Westphalia, the northern governments were not included in those of Utrecht, and that their interests were separately adjusted, first by the treaty of Oliva, and then by that of Nystadt. It then occurred that, in the progressive formation of the system of Europe, it had resolved itself into two combinations of states, a principal one maintaining a balance of power among its component governments, and an accessory composed of the four governments of Russia, Poland, Denmark, and Sweden, having for its object the aggrandisement of the first of these countries. The plan of the theory was then completed, which was afterwards to be done, was to fill up the outline."

Dr. Miller justifies himself, we think, with unnecessary scrupulousness from the possible charge of a professional bias:—"The several notions which have been brought together in

forming his system, having been received from the most heterogeneous sources—the writing of a Unitarian minister, of dissenters from the Church of England, of a Lutheran jurist, and of a French politician." This we call unnecessary; because, even if the desire to vindicate a particular providence arose from his profession, it was not the less a right desire; and whatever might be the bias, so long as facts were to decide, the question had but little to do with prepossessions, good or evil. But of the merit of his purpose there can be no doubt whatever: "It is his endeavour to shew, that each leading transaction of European history has been a part of a whole, having for its general issue the improvement of human society; and that each leading individual has been an agent, though free and unconsenting, in the plan of a wise and beneficent Providence."

The criticisms in our Journal generally keep clear of theological discussions; but we should ill exercise our function if we did not give the fullest credence to the high principle—that the perpetual agency of Providence is busied in sustaining the life and action of nature. This is a declaration sent down from the purest source of wisdom:—"not a sparrow falleth to the ground" unnoticed by the same eye which guides the revolutions of the host of heaven. We know from the same authority, that the heart of man is thus open, and is thus swayed. Why, then, shall we doubt that a calm investigation of those great masses of our fellow-men, empires, influenced alike by external nature and by mind, shall develop some striking evidences of that agency which operates so declaredly upon both? The conception may be novel, but it may be not the less founded in the frame of things. Instead of the cheerless view of a moral chaos, where all the elements of society are thrown together in eternal confusion, this system summons us to look upon the magnificent and elevating spectacle of a world, hourly forming under a hand of supreme power and wisdom, covering itself with new productiveness, and evolving new capacities for the existence and enjoyment of man. Let the sceptic take refuge, if he will, in the shadows that the very splendours of Providence project from the mixed and various forms of human things; but the true philosopher will find a more philosophic and a more animating impulse in the delight of watching the impress of the Divine hand on the fates of nations—the gradual shaping of the rude material of empire into the forms of society, the process by which limb and feature are successively moulded into proportion and beauty, the breathing of the breath of life into the image, the sudden glow and energy of its new-born capabilities, until it receives its commission to go forth as a leader and example to mankind. That the Omnipotent might have cast nations loose, to find their own way through time, is possible, because it is not for us to limit the will of Deity; but we must pause in pronouncing it to be probable, while we see the whole analogy of nature ranged in direct hostility to this prin-

ciple of confusion—while we see this entire physical frame of things ordered with a completeness which constitutes the finest science. From the immense globes of heaven down to the structure of a violet, all is regulation and provision. We are thus actually urged to the conclusion, that the great concerns of man—himself worth all the globes of heaven, and to survive them all—are not left to a caprice and mutability that are not to be found in the very wind. We can have no philosophical doubt, *a priori*, that a Divine will is traceable in the changes of empires, even upon natural grounds. But to the Christian, and he is the truest philosopher, the evidence is irresistible. He finds it in every page of Revelation. In the Scriptures, all is the declaration and unveiling of providential agency. Prophecy is perpetually fixing her splendid eye upon ages, which to man are yet unborn, and proclaiming with her hallowed voice the fates of kingdoms which are to rise on the ruins of the stately dominations flourishing before the world's eye, and priding themselves on a strength that defies decay.

It has been objected to this doctrine, that it implies a deficiency in the freedom of moral action, and, in fact, lays nations under a species of necessity, which we deny in the case of individuals. To this the obvious reply is, that Providence compels neither man nor nation to peculiar actions. It leaves them to follow the natural direction of their own impulses, but exercises its power in a merciful and benevolent counteraction of the evil to which the generality of human actions tend. It might almost, without presumption, be affirmed, that the chief agency of Providence, discoverable in its transactions with, at least, our world, is the extraction of good out of evil. The production of direct good it seems to leave to man, and the exercise of his few virtues. The protection of society from the natural results of its many errors and crimes, appears to be the higher and the peculiar agency of Heaven. While virtue, honour, and public spirit, regulate a nation, or a community of nations, all goes on with a tranquillity and completeness of movement which brings it within the general order of nature; but it is the day of confusion which alone requires and therefore alone will exhibit the interposition of a superior hand. It is when public vice, personal ambition, the corruption of the body of the state, brings it down to the verge of the grave, that we see some great providential remedy put to the national lips, which shoots new vigour through its nerves, and sends it forth to resume its place in the ranks of empire, chastened and guarded against a more incurable ruin by even the extremity of its disease.

Another of the common objections is, that as nations are made up of individuals, and we confessedly are in the dark with respect to the dealings of Heaven in its judgments with individuals, and are even forbidden to determine those judgments; we have no more power nor right in the case of nations. But here the obvious reply is, that the cases are totally different. We are forbidden to take the judgment of individuals out of the hands of God, because, in the first place, we cannot investigate the heart of man; in the next, there is a future world, where alone the judgment can be wisely formed; and, lastly, because the habit would throw the present world into a perpetual fever of presumption, personal inquisition, and personal hostility. But for nations there is no future world. Their course is completed here. We have the beginning and the end, their whole existence before our eyes. They have no fine internal

configuration to defy the eyes of man. And their rise, their progress, and their fall, are all and equally lessons to the wisdom of surrounding empires.

It is in this spirit, of following the lights which great events have thrown from time to time on the steps of Providence, that the present author has written his history. His conception has been already given in our extracts from his preface. Examining the progress of every leading nation of Europe, from its first formation, through all the vicissitudes of wealth and poverty, triumph and decay, and developing the causes of their separate catastrophes; he next views them in combination, and elucidates the general principles of the European commonwealth, by their reciprocal actions and impressions. He thus supplies the student and the philosopher with "materials for thinking," collected on the widest scale of human affairs, and at once embracing the most interesting topics, and filling the mind with the safest and the most ennobling contemplations. It is, of course, impossible for us, in our limited space, to detail the various modes by which this result is obtained; but we have no hesitation in saying, that it is obtained with admirable fairness, clearness, and simplicity. One constant characteristic of the work ought to give it a tenfold value to every man who feels, that homage to the Divine Wisdom is the highest wisdom of man. The whole work is written in a religious spirit; not a spirit of cant, and that weak and whining attribution of every indifferent thing to the immediate action of the Deity, which so frequently disgraces religion in our days. Of this style there is not a syllable; but we find through every page of the work a sacred sense of the Divine superintendence, which hallows the subject—a deep yet unsuperstitious devotion, which guides the writer through the obliquities and impurities of human action unstained—and a manly zeal for the vindication of the great principles of moral truth, which alone can render history what it was intended to be, a beacon to mankind. The general style of these volumes is honourable to the author's scholarship; it is remarkably distinct, vigorous, and free from superfluous ornament; but in parts, where the subject admitted of the change, it becomes rich and eloquent. The brief sketch of Grattan's oratory, towards the close of the fourth volume, is one of the happiest and most graphic descriptions that we have ever seen of that singularly powerful speaker. On the whole, we entirely congratulate the author and the public on the completion of this performance. What Montesquieu accomplished for the laws of Europe, Dr. Miller has done for its history. We know of no text-book which would be more essential to the college lecturer; no general view of facts which is likely to be more valuable to the student; and no elucidation of the mysterious ways of Providence which ought to be more gladly welcomed by the Christian.

*Domestic Manners of the Americans.* By Mrs. Trollope. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1832. Whittaker and Co.

We have not for some time met with volumes that bore more decidedly the stamp of feminine authorship; lively, pleasant, gossiping—but full of prejudices, and taking only a look at one side of the picture. A woman always judges by her feelings, and these feelings are often interested or disgusted by slight causes—hence, impartiality is the rarest of female merits; and most assuredly it is one not to be found in these volumes. Mrs. Trollope is a

fair specimen of the style in which a European opinion is formed, and a judgment pronounced, on America. An individual who has talked about liberty (and it is amazing how soon we can talk ourselves into a fever)—dreamed dreams of equality—and is theoretic about the rights of man and of woman—sets off for America, expecting to find it a complete Utopia. Of course these expectations—like all air-castles, of which imagination, not reason, is the architect—are disappointed; and then off flies the castle-builder to the other extreme, and can see no advantages, and make no allowances. This is precisely Mrs. Trollope's case. We can well imagine an English lady, accustomed to all the refinements and comforts of an English life and home, extremely annoyed at the wants, the privations, the disagreeables, she must necessarily have endured in a remote American settlement; but we maintain that these have taken an undue hold upon the mind, when they blind her to the energy, the industry, the improvement, going on rapidly on every side. And we must own it is not such a crime in our eyes as it is in hers, that the small American farmer and his family breakfast on beefsteaks and onions. Why, it is not so very long ago since our own Queen Elizabeth, of glorious memory, and all her maids of honour, did the same. The life of the Transatlantic agriculturist is no flute-playing, sheep-keeping, pastoral dream of rural felicity; but a life of constant and hard labour; and necessities come before luxuries. Our own standard of habit and enjoyment is a false criterion for that of others—but we will quote a passage to illustrate our meaning.

"We visited one farm which interested us particularly from its wild and lonely situation, and from the entire dependence of the inhabitants upon their own resources. It was a partial clearing in the very heart of the forest. The house was built on the side of a hill, so steep that a high ladder was necessary to enter the front door, while the back one opened against the hill-side; at the foot of this sudden eminence ran a clear stream, whose bed had been deepened into a little reservoir, just opposite the house. A noble field of Indian corn stretched away into the forest on one side, and a few half-cleared acres, with a shed or two upon them, occupied the other, giving accommodation to cows, horses, pigs, and chickens innumerable. Immediately before the house was a small potato-garden, with a few peach and apple-trees. The house was built of logs, and consisted of two rooms, besides a little shanty or lean-to, that was used as a kitchen. Both rooms were comfortably furnished with good beds, drawers, &c. The farmer's wife, and a young woman who looked like her sister, were spinning, and three little children were playing about. The woman told me that they spun and wove all the cotton and woollen garments of the family, and knit all the stockings; her husband, though not a shoe-maker by trade, made all the shoes. She manufactured all the soap and candles they used, and prepared her sugar from the sugar-trees on their farm. All she wanted with money, she said, was to buy coffee, tea, and whisky, and she could 'get enough any day by sending a batch of butter and chicken to market.' They used no wheat, nor sold any of their corn, which, though it appeared a very large quantity, was not more than they required to make their bread and cakes of various kinds, and to feed all their live stock during the winter. She did not look in health, and said they had all had ague in 'the fall'; but she seemed contented, and proud of her independent

ence; accent compar hundred that do been m farm the bac is said independ so, and it seem and al village- where f their f sacre bones—solemn or the them b deposit whisper requiem tithes, is, hea to make hearing save th Now, in the c tive: t accustor fact of scarcely life of followi rature i which against ments: "The market have, he Mr. Fl There is that is looks fo and yet most wa to me th sitions v Even in romance powerfu general sented of stories, of indivi the Mis terest, a find its much m America known i his great hardly a Unitarian sons wel of the coo men we a very His wor they ou some be the spec the volu States," poet tha decided has publ



ence; though it was in somewhat a mournful accent that she said, 'Tis strange to us to see company: I expect the sun may rise and set a hundred times before I shall see another human that does not belong to the family.' I have been minute in the description of this forest farm, as I think it the best specimen I saw of the back-wood's independence, of which so much is said in America. These people were indeed independent, Robinson Crusoe was hardly more so, and they eat and drink abundantly; but yet it seemed to me that there was something awful and almost unnatural in their loneliness. No village-bell ever summoned them to prayer, where they might meet the friendly greeting of their fellow-men. When they die, no spot sacred by ancient reverence will receive their bones—Religion will not breathe her sweet and solemn farewell upon their grave; the husband or the father will dig the pit that is to hold them beneath the nearest tree; he will himself deposit them within it, and the wind that whispers through the boughs will be their only requiem. But then they pay neither taxes nor tithes, are never expected to pull off a hat or to make a curtsy, and will live and die without hearing or uttering the dreadful words, 'God save the king!'

Now, the miseries so pathetically set forth in the concluding passage are purely imaginative: that to which people have never been accustomed, they cannot miss; and the small fact of not being buried in a churchyard, is scarcely an overwhelming balance against a life of exertion and of independence. The following statement relative to American literature is a striking instance of the unfair bias which our author allows her prepossession against the Americans to give to her statements:—

"They are great novel-readers, but the market is chiefly furnished by England." They have, however, a few very good native novels. Mr. Flint's 'Francis Berrian' is delightful. There is a vigour and freshness in his writing that is exactly in accordance with what one looks for in the literature of a new country; and yet, strange to say, it is exactly what is most wanting in that of America. It appeared to me that the style of their imaginative compositions was almost always affected and inflated. Even in treating their great national subject of romance, the Indians, they are seldom either powerful or original. A few well-known general features, moral and physical, are presented over and over again in all their Indian stories, till in reading them you lose all sense of individual character. Mr. Flint's 'History of the Mississippi Valley' is a work of great interest, and information, and will, I hope, in time, find its way to England, where I think it is much more likely to be appreciated than in America. Dr. Channing is a writer too well known in England to require my testimony to his great ability. As a preacher, he has, perhaps, hardly a rival any where. This gentleman is a Unitarian; and I was informed by several persons well acquainted with the literary characters of the country, that nearly all their distinguished men were of this persuasion. Mr. Pierpoint is a very eloquent preacher and a sweet poet. His works are not so well known among us as they ought to be. Mr. Everett has written some beautiful lines; and if I may judge from the specimens of his speeches, as preserved in the volumes entitled 'Eloquence of the United States,' I should say that he shone more as a poet than an orator. But American fame has decided otherwise. Mr. M. Flint, of Louisiana, has published a volume of poems which ought

to be naturalised here. Mr. Hallock, of New York, has much facility of versification, and is greatly in fashion as a drawing-room poet; but I think he has somewhat too much respect for himself, and too little for his readers. It is, I think, Mr. Bryant who ranks highest as the poet of the Union. This is too lofty an eminence for me to attack; besides, 'I am of another parish,' and therefore, perhaps, no very fair judge. From miscellaneous poetry I made a great many extracts; but upon returning to them for transcription, I thought that ill-nature and dulness, ('oh ill-matched pair!') would be more served by their insertion than wholesome criticism."

Now, we must take up the defence of what is here so sneeringly and unjustly attacked. We pity Mrs. Trollope's taste, that could select nothing amid the beautiful fugitive poetry that crowds the American papers and annuals: in our humble judgment, both the mass of the poetry and tales they have contained would gain by comparison with the best of our own. Bryant's reputation is at this very moment being warmly acknowledged among us; and we have no hesitation in saying, that the slight volume now lying by us by Mr. Halleck, contains poetry of the highest and most vigorous order: we need only instance his noble poem on the "Grave of Robert Burns:"\* by the by, his name in the work before us is misprinted Hallock. The good sense and feeling, the desire of excellence, and the information contained in the juvenile tales which have been republished in this country, have left on our minds a very favourable impression of the rising style of American literature—"How can we reason but from what we know?" Our own knowledge enables us to convict Mrs. Trollope of prejudice respecting literature, and it is but fair to conclude that she may be mistaken in other matters. Four grand complaints are what she urges against American society. First, their habit of spitting: now that we really do not undertake to defend, but recommend them to abandon as rapidly as possible; merely observing, that they are not the only people against whom such a charge may be brought. Secondly, their love of ardent spirits: to this certainly worst among vices they are themselves applying a remedy—the decrease in the sale of whisky, &c. since the establishment of the Temperance Societies, has been quite unexampled. Thirdly, their boastful arrogance: this, we do own, "is a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance;" still, it must be confessed, an American has much to be proud of in his country; though decrying the merits of every other, is not the most ready method to get those of his own acknowledged. Fourthly, the want of grace and courtesy in their general demeanour: of all faults, this is one to which time will bring the most certain remedy; politeness is only another word for restraint; and in proportion as the relations of society become narrower, that restraint will be imposed—every one feels the necessity of giving way in a crowd. The impression left on us by this work is, that Mrs. Trollope has never been in the best American society: now, we ask, what impression would be given of English manners by a stranger who went from remote village to village, or from boarding-house to boarding-house? We think much more highly of Mrs. Trollope's talents than we do of her work; she is evidently a clever, well-informed, lively woman; but one carried away by impulse, and, in this instance, led to take a harsher view in consequence of

\* Recently given in the L. G. on announcing the Burns' festival.

having set out on her crusade with inflamed notions of republican perfection, and excited expectations of finding what the surface of the globe cannot shew. We, therefore, read the laughable caricatures which fill her pages with much the same feeling as we do those in Anstey's *Bath Guide*, or the *Fudge Family in Paris*.

Conversation—"I will give the minutes of a conversation which I once set down after one of their visits, as a specimen of their tone and manner of speaking and thinking. My visitor was a milkman. 'Well now, so you be from the old country? Ay—you'll see sights here, I guess.' 'I hope I shall see many.' 'That's a fact. I expect your little place of an island don't grow such dreadful fine corn as you sees here?' 'It grows no corn' at all, sir.' 'Possible! no wonder, then, that we reads such awful stories in the papers of your poor people being starved to death.' 'We have wheat, however.' 'Ay, for your rich folks; but I calculate the poor seldom gets a bellyful.' 'You have certainly much greater abundance here.' 'I expect so. Why they do say, that if a poor body contrives to be smart enough to scrape together a few dollars, that your King George always comes down upon 'em, and takes it all away. Don't he?' 'I do not remember hearing of such a transaction.' 'I guess they be pretty close about it. Your papers ben't like ourn, I reckon? Now we says and prints just what we likes.' 'You send a good deal of time in reading the newspapers.' 'And I'd like you to tell me how we can spend it better. How should freemen spend their time, but looking after their government, and watching that them fellers as we gives offices to, doos their duty, and gives themselves no airs?' 'But I sometimes think, sir, that your fences might be in more thorough repair, and your roads in better order, if less time was spent in politics.' 'The Lord! to see how little you knows of a free country! Why, what's the smoothness of a road, put against the freedom of a free-born American? And what does a broken zig-zag signify, comparable to knowing that the men what we have been pleased to send up to Congress speaks handsome and straight, as we chooses they should?' 'It is from a sense of duty, then, that you all go to the liquor-store to read the papers?' 'To be sure it is, and he'd be no true-born American as didn't. I don't say that the father of a family should always be after liquor; but I do say that I'd rather have my son drunk three times in a week, than not look after the affairs of his country.'"

Notions of Decorum—"At Cincinnati there is a garden where the people go to eat ices and to look at roses. For the preservation of the flowers, there is placed at the end of one of the walks a sign-post sort of daub, representing a Swiss peasant girl, holding in her hand a scroll, requesting that the roses might not be gathered. Unhappily for the artist, or for the proprietor, or for both, the petticoat of this figure was so short as to shew her ankles. The ladies saw, and shuddered; and it was formally intimated to the proprietor, that if he wished for the patronage of the ladies of Cincinnati, he must have the petticoat of this figure lengthened. The affrighted purveyor of ices sent off an express for the artist and his paint-pot. He came, but unluckily not provided with any colour that would match the petticoat; the necessity, however, was too urgent for delay, and a flounce of blue was added to the petticoat of red, giving bright and shining evidence before all men of

\* "Corn always means Indian corn, or maize."

the immaculate delicacy of the Cincinnati ladies."

There is a remarkable account of a camp meeting, which shows that religious fanaticism is, perhaps, more general in America than it is even now among ourselves. It is a sore evil; and a sad proof that while we boast so much of our lights, we are yet in a state of miserable darkness. We must, however, stop here, and reserve our conclusion.

*The Easter Gift; a Religious Offering.* By L. E. L. 8vo. pp. 40. London, 1832. Fisher and Son.

HAVING quoted one of the poems from this volume in our last, we need not add much to what we then said. The more serious portion of society will not, we think, be sorry to meet with L. E. L. in the form of devotional exercises, clothing their thoughts in her sweet verse. Hackneyed as most of the subjects are, there will be seen in their treatment by her, a novelty and beauty breaking through the common-places of hymn and psalm, and yet in fine union with the purity and piety of sacred song; graces consistent with religion, and imagination appropriately adorning the superstructure of everlasting truth. The engravings to which she has strung her harp in this new music are of various merits; some of them worthy of all praise, and others of an inferior order. It so happens, however, that two of the most pleasing poems are upon two of the least successful pictures. These we quote.

*"The Magdalen (loquitur)."*

The pining murmur of the midnight wind  
Like mournful music is upon the air;  
So sad, so sweet, that the eyes fill with tears,  
Without a cause—ah, no! the heart is heaped  
So full with perished pleasures, vain regrets,  
That nature cannot sound one grieving note  
Upon her forest lyre, but still it finds  
Mute echo in the scorching human heart.  
Now the wind wails among the yellow leaves,  
About to fall, over the faded flowers,  
Over all summer's lovely memories,  
About to die: the year has yet in store  
A few dim hours, but they are dark and cold—  
Sunshine, green leaves, glad flowers, they all are gone;  
And it has only left the worn-out soil,  
The leafless bough, and the o'er-clouded sky.  
And shall humanity not sympathise  
With desolation which is like its own?  
So do our early dreams fade unfulfilled,  
So does our hope turn into memory:  
The one so glad, the other such despair  
(For who can find a comfort in the past?)—  
So do our feelings harden or decay,  
Encrusting with hard selfishness too late,  
Or bearing that deep wound whereof we die.

Where are the buoyant spirits of our youth?  
Where are the dancing steps that but kept time  
To our own inward gladness—where the light  
That flushed the cheek into one joyous rose—  
That lit the lips and filled the eyes with smiles?  
Gone! gone as utterly as singing birds,  
And opening flowers, and honey-laden bees,  
And shining leaves, are from yon forest gone.  
I know this from myself—the words I speak  
Were written first with tears on mine own heart;  
And yet, albeit, it was a lovely time!  
Who would recall their youth and be again  
The dreaming, the believing, the betrayed?  
The feverishness of hope, the agony,  
As every disappointment taught a truth—  
For still is knowledge bought by wretchedness—  
Who could find energy to bear again?  
Ye clear bright stars, that from the face of heaven  
Shine out in tranquil loveliness, how oft  
Have ye been witness to my passionate tears!  
Although beloved, and beautiful, and young,  
Yet happiness was not with my unrest;  
For I had pleasure, not content—each wish  
Seemed granted only to be weariness;  
No hope fulfilled its promise, and no dream  
Was ever worth its waking bitterness.  
Then there was love—that crowding into one  
All vanity, all sorrow, all remorse.  
Till we loathe life—glad, beautiful, hoping life—  
And would be fain to lay our burden down,  
Although we might but lay it in the grave—  
All natural terror lost in hope of peace.  
God of those stars, to which I once appealed  
In a vain phantasy of sympathy,  
How wretched I have been in my few years!  
How have I wept throughout the sleepless nights,

Then sank in heavy slumber, misery still  
Haunting its vision! Morning's cold gray light  
Waked me reluctant; for though sleep had been  
Anguish, yet I could say it was but sleep.  
And then day came, with all those vanities  
With which our nature mocks its wretchedness,  
The toilsome pleasures and the dull pursuits—  
Efforts to fly ourselves, and made in vain.  
Too soon I learnt the secret of our life,  
That 'vanity of vanities' is writ  
Deep in the hidden soul of human things;  
And then I sank into despondency,  
And lived from habit, not from hope; and fear  
Stood between me and death, and only fear.  
I was a castaway; for, like the fool,  
Within my soul I said, There is no God!  
But then a mighty and a glorious voice  
Was speaking on the earth—thus said the Lord,  
'Now come to me, ye that are heavy laden,  
And I will give you rest:' and, lo! I came,  
Sorrowing; and the broken contrite heart,  
Lord, thou didst not despise. Now let me weep  
Tears, and my dying Saviour's precious blood  
Will wash away my sin. Now let me pray  
In thankfulness that time is given for prayer,  
In hope that, offered in my Saviour's name,  
I may find favour in the sight of God.  
Where is my former weariness of life?  
Where is my former terror of the grave?  
Out of my penitence there has grown hope—  
I trust, and raise my suppliant eyes to heaven;  
And, when my soul desponds, I meekly say,  
'I know that my Redeemer liveth!'

*Hymn of the Magdalen.*

There was a time when I but sought  
In life its pleasant things,  
And asked each moment what it brought  
Of pleasure on its wings.  
I bound red roses in my hair;  
And when they died away,  
I only thought, fresh flowers there are  
As beautiful as they.  
And time passed on—the bright and brief,  
I led the dance and song,  
As careless as the summer leaf  
The wild wind bears along.  
But the wind falls the leaf at last,  
And down it sinks to die—  
To perish with the perished past,  
And gone as idly by.  
So sink the spirits of those days,  
That buoyant bore us on;  
The joy declines, the hope decays,  
Ere we believe them gone.  
Then memory rises like a ghost,  
Whose presence brings to mind  
The better things which we have lost,  
The hopes we've left behind.

And what could memory bring to me  
But sorrow, shame, and sin;  
And wretched the worn heart must be,  
With such dark guests within.  
I said, secured by a life  
That 'mid such ills hath birth,  
Where fate and nature in their strife  
Make desolate the earth!  
But no more of that evil time—  
An altered heart is mine;  
Purified by a hope sublime,  
And by a faith divine.

I weep; but tears of penitence  
Still comfort as they flow,  
And rise to heaven, and win from thence  
A solace for below.  
For I have learnt, my God, to trace  
Thy love in all things here;  
How wonderful the power and grace  
In all thy works appear.  
The vineyard dim with purple light,  
The silvery olive tree,  
The corn wherewith the plains are bright,  
Speak to my soul of thee.  
This loveliness is born to die;  
Not that the sun goes shining through the sky,  
The world puts forth its bloom  
We know that to this lovely earth  
Will sure destruction come;  
But though it be our place of birth,  
Yet it is not our home.  
For we are God's own chosen race,  
Whom the Lord died to save;  
This earth is but a trial-place,  
Whose triumph is the grave."

*"The Infant St. John."*

Lo! on the midnight winds a young child's voice  
With lofty hymn,  
Calling on earth and heaven to rejoice  
Along with him.  
Those infant lips are given from above  
A spirit tone,  
And he speaks out those words of hope and love  
To prophets known.

He is a herald, as the morning star  
Brings daylight in,  
For he doth bring glad tidings from afar  
To man and sin.  
Now let the desolate earth lift up her head,  
And at the word,  
Wait till the mountains kindle with the tread  
Of Christ the Lord.  
And earth was conscious of her God; he came  
Meek and decried,  
Bearing the weight of sorrow, sin, and shame;  
And for us died.  
Twice shall he come; e'en now the appointed hour  
Is in its birth,  
When he shall come in glory, and in power,  
To judge the earth.  
Not as before, to win mankind and save;  
But in his ire,  
When earth shall be but as a mighty grave  
In that red fire.  
Do we not live now in those evil days  
Which were foretold  
In holy writings and inspired lays  
Of prophets old?  
There is a wild confusion in the world,  
Like the vexed sea;  
And ancient thrones are from high places hurled,  
Yet man not free.  
And vain opinions seek to change all life,  
Yet yield no aid  
To all the sickness, want, the grief and strife,  
Which now pervade.  
Are not these signs of that approaching time  
Of blood and tears,  
When thou shalt call to dread account the crime  
Of many years?  
Then who shall bide before thee? only he  
Who is all thine,  
Who hath stood fast, amid iniquity,  
In faith divine.  
Oh, Lord! awaken us; let us not cease  
To look afar;  
Let us not, like the foolish, call it peace  
When there is war.  
Oh! teach us to believe what thy blest word  
Has long declared,  
And let thy second advent, gracious Lord,  
Find us prepared."

The volume is handsomely got up, and we can have no doubt will enjoy its desert, by being one of the most popular gifts to youth which the religious and well-intending in the world can bestow.

*Romances of the Early Ages.* By the Author of "Brambletye House," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1832. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS is one of those works of which it is difficult to convey an exact idea; for a brief extract will shew only part of the industry that has been used in collecting *matériel*. These tales have in view to illustrate the manners, &c. of remote periods; and the accounts are correct and the descriptions good; but there is a want of graphic power in the narrative. We will quote a scene in the temple of Esculapius, where a young Greek girl comes to consult the oracle as to whether her lover will succeed in the Olympian games.

"Although the fair stranger had been habituated to the service of Pagan temples, she had never before entered that of Esculapius, the novelty and solemnity of which impressed her with a reverential awe. The dim light imparted a still more ghastly character to the votive paintings that covered the walls, representing human beings afflicted with every ailment and calamity that flesh is heir to. Hideous wounds that seemed to spout out blood; revolting sores, wasted cadaverous forms, stamped with the apparent impress of death, but writhing with the sufferings of life, glared upon her in every direction; the pious artists having aggravated to the utmost the maladies of the respective patients, in order to enhance the miraculous merits of the divinity who had healed them. As the present votress advanced, strange mysterious music, as of *Æolian* harps, sighing along the fane, died away in melancholy cadences, until she reached the



large sitting figure of the god at the upper end of the enclosure, when unseen choristers chanted the life and actions of Esculapius, alternating with other voices that sounded from a distance. Passing the statue, she was now conducted to a recess, at the extremity of which a door was opened; the priest who had hitherto escorted her shut it behind her, and she found herself in the sanctuary, the startling aspect of which was calculated to awaken a throb of apprehension in the stoutest heart. Large lamps, supported by twisted serpents of brass, threw a strong light upon Alexander, a man of a commanding stature, with eyes of fire, handsome though fierce-looking features, and a singularly majestic presence. He stood within a sort of niche, attired in a rich dress of white and purple, with a drawn cineter in his hand, his long hair flowing down profusely over his shoulders. But the terrific and awful part of the exhibition was the spectacle of the god Esculapius himself, in the form of an enormous serpent with a human head, twisting itself round the body and the neck of Alexander, darting out his forked tongue, and fixing its flaming orbs, with an apparently menacing aspect, upon the visitant, who recoiled from the bridling monster in evident alarm. \* \* \*

"The priest then began with great vehemence of gesticulation to pour forth an unintelligible rhapsody, in which nothing could be distinguished but the different names and attributes of Esculapius, gradually working himself up into an apparent convulsion, until his features became inflamed, his pendent locks shook like the horrid tresses of Medusa, he foamed at the mouth, and stamped on the floor, when he suddenly became silent and composed, only pointing with great earnestness to the snake, which at this juncture writhed its sleek folds, advanced its human-featured head towards Tilphosa, opened its mouth, and in a slow, clear, audible voice, pronounced the words—'Theodore shall conquer!'"

We must add the real history of the scene, and of the priest Alexander.

"At Pella, in Macedonia, he bought for a trifle one of the prodigious serpents found in that neighbourhood, which are perfectly harmless, and so docile as to be capable of a certain degree of tuition. In this form, as you well know, Esculapius is said to have occasionally visited the earth; into the god of medicine, therefore, did Alexander determine to convert his beautiful snake, and to found an oracle with its assistance; that being always a sure and abundant source of profit, because its supplies are derived from numskulls and simpletons. In an ancient temple of Apollo he secreted a tablet of brass, whereon was written that Esculapius, with his father Apollo, would shortly visit Arcadia, and take up their residence at Cynetha; which tablet being discovered by some of his accomplices, produced such a sensation, that the pious gulls of Cynetha immediately began to build a temple for the expected deity. \* \* \*

"Alexander having entered Cynetha with a pomp becoming his high dignity, and exhibited himself in occasional fits of pretended inspiration, during which, by chewing soap-wort, he occasioned himself to foam at the mouth, kept his serpent carefully concealed until he had fitted to it a resemblance of a human head made of painted linen, so ingeniously contrived that its tongue will dart out upon touching a horse-hair, while it can even be made to speak by means of a pipe communicating with a recess behind the sanctuary, where an accomplice is doubtless stationed to give the responses.

Every thing being thus prepared, the impostor secretly deposited in the mud outside the temple a goose's egg, which he had emptied and put a young serpent within it; on the day after which operation, having nothing but a scarf of gold about his loins, a cineter in his hand, and his long locks waving in the wind, our Esculapian runs to the market-place, jumps upon the altar, and haranguing the mob of gulls and blind buzzards in a rhapsodical speech, congratulates them that their town of Cynetha is about to enjoy the happiness of receiving the god personally and visibly within their walls."

"The simpletons of Cynetha, men, women, and children, being all worked up to an ecstasy of devotion, ran with wild acclamations after Alexander, who, rushing to the temple, calls for a cup, dips it into the mud, draws up the egg, breaks it, and lo! a young serpent is seen twisting about his fingers, which the soothsayer, still acting the enthusiast, carries triumphantly to his own house. Some days being suffered to elapse, in order that the fame of this pretended miracle might spread far and wide, great crowds of people, or rather flocks of sheep in the shape of men—mere empty, brainless vizards, came pouring into Cynetha, to which multitude Alexander exhibits himself lying upon a bed, in a room only partially lighted, attired like a minister of the gods; the large Macedonian serpent, with its artificial human head, forming a collar about his neck, and extending its tail to a distance."

We conclude by saying, that to youthful readers these pages will furnish much new and interesting information. The Involuntary Prophet is of the first century; Theodore and Tilphosa, of the second, and connected with the Olympic games; Olof and Brynhilda, northern, as the name imports, and a century later; Sebastian and Lydia, or the Council of Nice, belongs to the fourth century; and the Siege of Caer-broc, an ancient British legend of the fifth age. There is, therefore, much variety of subject; and our readers may immediately look for the farther gratification of their curiosity, as the work will appear in a few days.

*Fragments of Voyages and Travels.* By Capt. Basil Hall, R.N. Second Series. 3 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1832, Cadell; London, Whittaker and Co.

WITH the memory of the First Series of this work fresh upon our minds, we took up the present continuation anticipating no small degree of enjoyment. Nor have we been disappointed, though we think there is some difference in the character of the two publications; the former being the most amusing, the latter the most instructive. This arises from the nature of several of the subjects discussed, which are of higher importance in the volumes before us than they were in their predecessors: for example, essays on the trade winds, on the observance of religious rites on board of ship, on naval punishments, on cheerfulness, on Indian mythology, on the royal marine service, and on the responsibility of officers. These, treated with great acuteness and an intimate knowledge of their bearings, deserve the best consideration of all nautical men, and of the government of the country; they furnish hints and suggestions which no one can read without being convinced that their adoption would tend greatly to the improvement of the various branches to which they apply.

The other portions of the *Fragments* chiefly exhibit vivid pictures of a sea-life; and whether the chapter be upon aquatic sports, a man overboard, Sunday on board a man-of-war, or

sailors' pets, we find the graphic talent of the author equally distinguished for general force and technical accuracy. There are also accounts of some trips on shore in Ireland and India, which give a variety of interest to these sketches; and likewise add to the puzzle of a reviewer whereabouts to select these illustrations with which he should prop his favourable opinion of the whole. Our selection must partake of the miscellaneous character of our original; but even this we must defer, and in this No. give only one example, the story of an alligator-hunt at Bombay, under the auspices of Sir Samuel Hood.

*The Alligator-hunt.*—"I must give a short account of an alligator-hunt, at a place called Nellivelly, near Trincomalee, got up for the admiral's express amusement, and performed by a corps of Malays in the British service, the 1st Ceylon regiment. Very early in the morning of the 22d of September, the party, which consisted of several ladies and a large proportion of red coats and blue coats, were summoned from their beds to set forth on this expedition. The admiral, as usual, was up, dressed, and on horseback, long before any of the rest of the company, whom he failed not to scold or to quiz, as they severally crept out of their holes, rubbing their eyes, and very much doubting whether the pleasures of the sport were likely to compensate for the horrible bore of early rising. In other countries the hour of getting up may be left to choice; in India, when any thing active is to be done, it is a matter of necessity; for after the sun has gained even a few degrees of altitude, the heat and discomfort, as well as the danger of exposure, become so great, that all pleasure is at an end. This circumstance limits the hours of travelling and of exercise in the East very inconveniently, and introduces modifications which help in no slight degree to give a distinctive character to Indian manners. As there was little risk of being too late on any party of which Sir Samuel Hood took the lead, the day had scarcely begun to dawn when we all cantered up to the scene of action. The ground lay as flat as a marsh for many leagues; here and there the plain was spotted with small stagnant lakes, connected together by sluggish streams, or canals, scarcely moving over beds of mud, between banks fringed with a rank crop of draggled weeds, and giving birth to clouds of mosquitoes. The chill atmosphere of the morning felt so thick and clammy, it was impossible for the most confident in his own strength and health not to think of agues, jungle fevers, and all the hopeful family of malaria. The hardy native soldiers, who had occupied the ground during the night in despite of the miasmata, were drawn up to receive the admiral; and a very queer guard of honour they formed. The whole regiment had stripped off their uniform, and every other stitch of clothing, save a pair of short trousers, and a kind of sandal. In place of a firelock, each man bore in his hand a slender pole about six feet in length, to the extremity of which was attached the bayonet of his musket. His only other weapon was the formidable Malay crease, a sort of dagger or small edition of the waving two-edged sword with which the angel Michael is armed in Raphael's picture of the Expulsion of our First Parents from Paradise. Soon after the commander-in-chief came to the ground, the regiment was divided into two main parties, and a body of reserves. The principal columns, facing, one to the right, the other to the left, proceeded to occupy different points in one of those sluggish canals I have already mentioned, con-

necting the lakes, or pools, scattered over the plain. These detachments, being stationed about a mile from one another, enclosed an interval where, from some peculiar circumstances known only to the Malays (who are passionately fond of this sport), the alligators were sure to be found in great numbers. The troops formed themselves across the canal in three parallel lines, ten or twelve feet apart; but the men in each line stood side by side, merely leaving room enough to wield their pikes. The canal may have been about four or five feet deep in the middle of the stream, if stream it may be called, which scarcely moved at all. The colour of the water when undisturbed was a shade between ink and coffee; but no sooner had the triple line of Malays set themselves in motion, and the mud got stirred up, than the consistence and colour of the fluid became like those of pea-soup. On every thing being reported ready, the soldiers planted their pikes before them in the mud, and, if I recollect right, each man crossing his neighbour's weapon, and at the word 'march' away they all started in full cry, sending forth a shout, or war-whoop, sufficient to curdle the blood of those on land, whatever effect it may have had on the inhabitants of the deep. As the two divisions of the invading army, starting from opposite ends of the canal, gradually approached each other in pretty close column, screaming and yelling with all their souls, and striking their pikes deep in the slime before them, the startled animals naturally retired towards the unoccupied centre. Generally speaking, the alligators, or crocodiles (for I believe they are very nearly the same), had sense enough to turn their long tails upon their assailants, and to scuttle off as fast as they could towards the middle part of the canal. But every now and then, one of the terrified monsters, either confused by the sound, or provoked by the prick of a pike, or mystified by the turbid nature of the stream, floundered backwards, and, by retreating in the wrong direction, broke through the first, second, and even third line of pikes. This, which would have been any thing but an amusement to unpractised hands, was the perfection of sport to the delighted Malays. A double circle of soldiers was speedily formed round the wretched aquatic who had presumed to pass the barrier. By means of well-directed thrusts with numberless bayonets, and the pressure of some dozens of feet, the poor brute was often fairly driven beneath his native mud. When once there, his enemies half choked and half spitted him, till at last they put an end to his miserable days in regions quite out of sight, and in a manner as inglorious as can well be conceived. For the poor denizens of the pool, indeed, it was the choice between Scylla and Charybdis with a vengeance; and I am half-ashamed to acknowledge the savage kind of delight with which we stood on the banks, and saw the distracted creatures rushing from one attack right into the jaws of another. The Malays, in their ecstacy, declared that the small fry from one side rushed down the throats of the big ones whom they met flying in the opposite direction. But this seems very questionable, though positively asserted by the enraptured natives, who redoubled their shouts as the plot thickened, and the two bodies of troops, marching from opposite quarters, drew within a hundred yards of each other. The intermediate space was now pretty well crowded with alligators, swimming about in the utmost terror; at times diving below, and anon shewing their noses, well plastered with mud, high above the surface of

the dirty stream; or occasionally making a furious bolt in sheer despair right at the phalanx of Malays. On these occasions, half-a-dozen of the soldiers were often upset, and their pikes either broken or twisted out of their hands, to the infinite amusement of their companions, who speedily closed up the broken ranks, as if their comrades had been shot down in battle. The killed were none, but the wounded many; yet no man flinched in the least. The perfection of the sport appeared to consist in detaching a single alligator from the rest, surrounding and attacking him separately, and spearing him till he was almost dead. The Malays then, by main strength, forked him aloft, over their heads, on the end of a dozen pikes, and, by a sudden jerk, pitched the conquered monster far on the shore. As the alligators are amphibious, they kept to the water no longer than they found they had an advantage in that element; but as the period of the final *mélée* approached, on the two columns of their enemy closing up, the monsters lost all discipline, floundered, and plouted up the weedy banks, scuttling away to the right and left, helter-skelter. 'Sauve qui peut!' seemed to be the fatal watch-word for their total rout. That prudent cry would, no doubt, have saved many of them, as it has saved other vanquished forces, had not the Malays judiciously placed beforehand their reserve on each side of the river to receive the distracted fugitives, who, bathed in mud, and half dead with terror, but still in a prodigious fury, dashed off at right angles from the canal, in hopes of gaining the shelter of a swampy pool overgrown with reeds and bulrushes, but which, alas for most of the poor beasts, they were never doomed to reach. The concluding battle between these retreating and desperate alligators and the Malays of the reserve was formidable enough. Indeed, had not the one party been fresh, the other exhausted, one confident, the other broken in spirit, it is quite possible that the crocodiles might have worsted the pirates, as the Malays are called in every other part of the world but the East, where they are generally admitted to be as good a set of people as any of their neighbours. It is needless to say, that while all this was going on, our gallant admiral, Sir Samuel Hood, was a pretty busy spectator. His eagle eye glanced along the canal, and at a moment took in the whole purpose of the campaign. As the war advanced, and sundry small affairs of out-posts took place, we could see his face flushing with delight. But when the first alligator was cast headlong and gasping at his feet, pierced with at least twenty pike wounds, and bristled with half-a-dozen fragments of these weapons fractured in the onslaught, the whole plain rung with his exclamation of boyish delight. When the detachments closed in upon their prey, and every moment gave birth to some new prodigy of valour, or laid a whole line of the Malay soldiers prostrate on the muddy stream, like so many nine-pins, I verily believe, that if none of his own people had been present, the admiral would have seized a pike himself, and jumped into the thickest of the fight, boots, sword, cocked hat, and all! As it was, he kept himself close to the banks, and rivalled the best Malay amongst them in yelling and cheering on the forces to their duty. This intensity of eagerness had well nigh proved rather awkward for his excellency's dignity, if not his safety; for, in spite of the repeated warnings of the English officers of the regiment, who knew from former hunts what was sure to happen eventually, the admiral persisted in approaching the edge of the

canal as the final act of the alligators' tragedy commenced. And as we, his poor officers, were, of course, obliged to follow our chief into any danger, a considerable party of us found ourselves rather awkwardly placed between the reserve of Malays already spoken of and the canal, just as the grand rush took place at the close of the battle. If the infuriated crocodiles had only known what they were about, and had then brought their long sharp snouts, and still harder tails, into play, several of His Majesty's officers might have chanced to find themselves in a scrape. As it was, we were extremely near being wedged in between the animals' noses and the pikes and creases of the wild Malays. It was difficult, indeed, to say which of the two looked at that moment the most savage—the triumphant natives or the flying troop of alligators walloping away from the water. Many on both sides were wounded, and all, without exception, covered with slime and weeds. Some of our party were actually pushed over, and fell plump in the mud, to the very provoking and particular amusement of the delighted admiral, whose superior adroitness enabled him to avoid such an undignified catastrophe, by jumping first on one side and then on the other, in a manner which excited both the mirth and the alarm of his company; though, of course, we took good care rather to laugh with our commander-in-chief than at him. I forget the total number of alligators killed, but certainly there could not have been fewer than thirty or forty. The largest measured ten feet in length, and four feet girth, the head being exactly two feet long. Besides these great fellows, we caught, alive, a multitude of little ones, nine inches long, many of which we carried back to Trincomalee. Half-a-dozen of these were kept in tubs of water at the Admiralty House for many days; the rest being carried on board, became great favourites amongst the sailors, whose queer taste in the choice of pets has already been noticed."

#### The Landers' African Travels.

[Third Notice.]

DESCENDING the river from Zagotzi and Rabba, our countrymen describe their progress in the interesting manner which we quoted in our first notice of their work.

On the 17th of October they reached an island, where the authors tell us, "we found several Falatah Mallams sent by the chief of Rabba for the purpose of instructing the natives in the Mahomedan faith. The island is inhabited by Nouffie fishermen, a harmless, inoffensive race of men, who only a few weeks ago were obliged to abjure their pagan deities for the Koran, whether against their inclination or otherwise. This is another of the effects of the Falatahs spreading their conquests over the country. Wherever they become masters, the Mahomedan religion follows. In consequence of Ederesa having given up his authority to the king of Yarriba, his subjects have become Mahomedans, and this faith will no doubt shortly spread through Yarriba."

At a place called Gungo they were kindly received: at Fofa, an island, the natives were frightened at their appearance, and the chief kept aloof being in trouble, "from not having a sufficient number of cowries to pay his annual taxes to Rabba, for which purpose, it seems, the messengers are here. It is customary to allow them a certain number of days to do this, at the expiration of which time, if the tribute is not paid, the messengers watch their opportunity, and carry off one or two of

the inhabitants. These are then sold in the market at Rabba as slaves, and their produce pays the tax. The same custom we had seen practised at Lever, even after the tax has been paid."

Passing a large river, the Coodoonia, which flows into the Niger, they arrived at Egga, a town upwards of two miles in length, the people of which keep up some communication and trade with the coast.

"Their belief (says the author) that we possessed the power of doing any thing was at first amusing enough, but their importunities went so far, that they became annoying. They applied to us for charms to prevent wars, to make them rich, to prevent the crocodiles from carrying off the people, and for the chief of the fishermen to catch a canoe-load of fish every day; each request being accompanied with some sort of present, such as country beer, goora-nuts, cocoa-nuts, lemons, yams, rice, &c., in quantity proportionate to the value of their request. The curiosity of the people to see us is so intense, that we dare not stir out of doors, and therefore we are compelled to keep our door open all day long for the benefit of the air; and the only exercise which we can take is by walking round and round our hut, like wild beasts in a cage. The people stand gazing at us with visible emotions of amazement and terror; we are regarded, in fact, in just the same light as the fiercest tigers in England. If we venture to approach too near the doorway, they rush backwards in a state of the greatest alarm and trepidation; but when we are at the opposite side of the hut, they draw as near as their fears will permit them, in silence and caution."

They were warned of great danger from the savage people below Egga, but were obliged to trust to Providence and set out on their journey.

"For many miles we could see nothing but large, open, well-built villages on both banks of the river, but more especially on the eastern, and tracts of land covered with verdure, or prepared for cultivation, between them. Here Nature seems to have scattered her favours with an unsparing hand. Yet we touched at none of these goodly places."

They stopped at a large town called Kaunda, the capital of a state or kingdom independent of Nouffe, the lowest territory of which terminates at Egga. The king's brother visited them, and, "looking round our room, he perceived several little things to which he took a fancy, and which, being of no value whatever to us, were readily presented to him: and it was satisfactory to see him much pleased with them."

They followed the advice given them, and passed safely down where the river Tshadda (the famous Shar, Shary, or Sharry, of travellers) joins the Niger from the eastward. It appeared to be three or four miles wide at its mouth, on which a large town was situated. This river, they were told, was navigable up to Bornou, and that Funda was three days' journey upwards.

Bocqua was the next place of consequence at which they stopped; and below that, they remained some time at Damuggoo. Still continuing their course down the river, R. Lander preceded the canoe of his brother John, the Journal thus relates the important events which ensued:—

"At six A. M. we were passing rather close to a point in the river, round which it takes an abrupt turn; and the current being very rapid, we were carried into an eddy before we were

aware of it. It was with considerable difficulty that we got clear of it; but had we been two yards nearer to the shore, our canoe would have been dashed into pieces. These dangers will always be avoided by the precaution of keeping in the middle of the river. At seven A. M. we saw a small river enter the Niger from the eastward, the banks of which, as well as those of the Niger, were elevated and fertile. Shortly after, we observed a branch of the river running off to the westward, about the same size as that from the eastward. On the right bank of this river, close also to the bank of the Niger, we observed a large market, which I was informed is Kirree; and that the river flowing to the westward past it runs to Benin. A great number of canoes were lying near the bank. They appeared to be very large, and had flags flying on long bamboo canes. We took no notice of them, but passed on; and in a short time afterwards we saw about fifty canoes before us, coming up the river. They appeared to be very large, and full of men; and the appearance of them at a distance was very pleasing. They had each three long bamboo canes, with flags flying from them, one fixed at each end of the canoe, and the other in the middle. As we approached each other I observed the British Union flag in several, while others, which were white, had figures on them of a man's leg, chairs, tables, decanters, glasses, and all kinds of such devices. The people in them, who were very numerous, were dressed in European clothing, with the exception of trousers. I felt quite overjoyed by the sight of these people, more particularly so when I saw our flag and European apparel among them, and congratulated myself that they were from the sea-coast. But all my fond anticipations vanished in a moment as the first canoe met us. A great stout fellow, of a most forbidding countenance, beckoned to me to come to him; but seeing him and all his people so well armed, I was not much inclined to trust myself among them, and paid no attention to him. The next moment I heard the sound of a drum, and in an instant several men mounted a platform and levelled their muskets at us. There was nothing to be done now but to obey; as for running away, it was out of the question; our square loaded canoe was incapable of it; and to fight with fifty war canoes, for such we found them, containing each above forty people, most of whom were as well armed as ourselves, would have been throwing away my own and my canoe-men's lives very foolishly. In addition to the muskets, each canoe had a long gun in its bow that would carry a shot of four or six pounds, besides being provided with a good stock of swords and boarding-pikes. By this time our canoes were side by side, and with astonishing rapidity our luggage found its way into those of our opponents. This mode of proceeding I did not relish at all; so as my gun was loaded with two balls and four slugs, I took deliberate aim at the leader, and he would have paid for his temerity with his life in one moment more, had not three of his people sprung on me and forced the gun from my hands. My jacket and shoes were as quickly plundered from me, and observing some other fellows at the same time taking away Pascoe's wife, I lost all command over myself, and was determined to sell my life as dearly as I could. I encouraged my men to arm themselves with their paddles and defend themselves to the last. I instantly seized hold of Pascoe's wife, and with the assistance of another of my men, dragged her from the fellow's grasp; Pascoe at the same time levelled a blow at his head with

one of our iron-wood paddles that sent him reeling backwards, and we saw him no more. Our canoe having been so completely relieved of her cargo, which had consisted only of our luggage, we had plenty of room in her for battle; and being each of us provided with a paddle, we determined, as we had got clear of our adversary, to cut down the first fellow who should dare to board us. This was not attempted; and as none of the other canoes had offered to interfere, I was in hopes of finding some friends among them, but at all events was determined to follow the people who had plundered us to the market, where they seemed to be going. We accordingly pulled after them as fast as we could. My men, now that the fray was over, began to think of their forlorn condition. All their things were gone; and as they gave up all hopes of regaining them, or being able to revenge themselves on the robbers, they gave vent to their rage in tears and execrations. I desired them to be quiet, and endeavoured all in my power to pacify them by telling them, that if we were spared to reach the sea in safety, I would pay them for every thing they had lost."

John Lander's canoe, when it came up, was also attacked "and (he tells us) nearly sent under water, by the violence with which her pursuer dashed against her; a second crash threw two or three of the Damuggoo people overboard, and by the shock of the third she capsized and sunk. All this seemed the work of enchantment; so quickly did events succeed each other; yet in this interval a couple of ill-looking fellows had jumped into our canoe, and, in the confusion which prevailed, began emptying it of its contents with astonishing celerity. On finding myself in the water, my first care was, very naturally, to get out again; and therefore looking round on a hundred ruffians, in whose countenances I could discern not a single trace of gentleness or pity, I swam to a large canoe, apart from the others, in which I observed two females and some little ones;—for in their breasts, thought I, compassion and tenderness must surely dwell. Perceiving my design, a sturdy man, of gigantic stature, such as little children dream of, black as a coal, and with a most forbidding countenance, suddenly sprang towards me: stooping down, he laid hold of my arm, and snatched me with a violent jerk out of the water, and let me fall like a log into the canoe, without speaking a word. I recovered myself, and sat up with my companions, the women and children, and discovered them wiping tears from their faces. In momentary expectation of a barbarous and painful death—"for what else," said I to myself, "can all this lead to?"—the scene around me produced little impression upon my mind: my thoughts were wandering far away, and this day I thought was to be my last. I was meditating in this manner, heedless of all that was going on around me, and reckless of what came next, when I looked up and saw my brother at a little distance, gazing steadfastly upon me: when he saw that I observed him, he held up his arm with a sorrowful look, and pointed his finger to the skies. O! how eloquently and distinctly were all the emotions of his soul at that moment depicted in his countenance! Who could not understand him? He would have said, 'Trust in God!' I was touched with grief. Thoughts of home and friends rushed upon my mind, and almost overpowered me. On account of the eagerness and anxiety with which every one endeavoured to get near us, in order to share the expected plunder, and the confusion which prevailed in conse-



quence, many of the war-canoes clashed against each other with such violence, that three or four of them were upset at one time, and the scene which ensued baffles all description. Men, women, and children, clinging to their floating property, were struggling in the river, and screaming and crying out as loud as they were able, to be saved from drowning. Those that were more fortunate, were beating their countrymen off from getting into their canoes, by striking their heads and hands with paddles, as they laid hold of the sides and nearly upset them. When the noise and disorder had in some measure ceased, my brother's canoe and that which I was in were by the side of each other, and he instantly took the shirt from his back and threw it over me—for I was naked. I then stepped into his canoe; for whatever might be our fate, it would be a mournful kind of pleasure to comfort and console one another in the hour of trial and suffering. But I had no sooner done so, than I was dragged back again by a powerful arm, which I could not resist, and commanded by furious gestures to sit still, on my peril. Unwilling to aggravate our condition by obstinacy or bravado, which would have been vain and ridiculous, I made no reply, but did as I was desired, and silently watched the motions of our keepers. Now there were still other canoes passing by, on their way to the market-place, and amongst them was one of extraordinary size. Fancying it to be neutral, and hoping to make a diversion in our favour, I beckoned to those who were in it, and saluted them in the most friendly manner. But their savage bosoms were impenetrable to feeling. Surely they are destitute of all the amiable charities of life. I almost doubted whether they were human beings. Their hideous features were darkened by a terrible scowl; they mocked me, clapped their hands, and thumped upon a sullen drum; then, with a loud and scornful laugh, the barbarians dashed their paddles into the water and went their way. This was a severe mortification; I felt confused and abashed, and my heart seemed to shrink within itself. I made no more such trials. Seeing my brother swimming in the river, and people clinging on to what they could, I endeavoured all in my power to induce the people of my canoe to go to him. But all I could do was in vain. Fearing that those in the water might upset the canoe by getting into her, or that she would be overloaded with them, they kept aloof, and let them take their chance. My feelings at that moment were not to be described: I saw my brother nearly exhausted, and could render him no assistance, in addition to our luggage being plundered and sunk; and I had just formed the resolution of jumping into the water after him, when I saw him picked up. The canoes near me, as well as mine, hastened to a small sand island in the river, at a short distance from the market, and my brother arrived soon afterwards. In a short time the Damuggoo people made their appearance, and also the chief of Bonney's messenger, having, like ourselves, lost every thing they had of their own property, as well as their master's. This was in consequence of the confusion which had taken place; for these people, no doubt, had they been recognised, would not have been molested. We were all obliged to remain in our respective canoes, and made rather a sorry appearance, in consequence of the treatment we had received, which was increased by the tears and lamentations of our own canoe-men, as well as those of Damuggoo; and neither my brother nor myself were in a condition to offer

them any consolation. We had been lying at the island; but now the war-canoes were all formed into a line and paddled into the market-place before alluded to, which is called *Kirree*, and which likewise was the place of their destination. Here we were informed that a *palaver* would be held, to take the whole affair into consideration; and about ten in the morning a multitude of men landed from the canoes, to hold a council of war, if it may be so termed. For our parts, we were not suffered to go on shore; but constrained to remain in the canoes, without a covering for the head, and exposed to the heat of a burning sun. A person in a Mahomedan dress, who we learnt afterwards was a native of a place near Funda, came to us and endeavoured to cheer us, by saying that our hearts must not be sore—that at the *palaver* which would be held, we had plenty of friends to speak for us; that all the people in the Mahomedan dresses who had come from Funda to attend the market, were our friends, besides a great number of females, who were well dressed in silk of different colours. These women wore large ivory anklets of about four or five pounds weight, and bracelets of the same material, but not so large. About twenty canoes full of Damuggoo people had arrived from the various towns near Damuggoo. These persons having heard how we had been treated, also became our friends—so that we now began to think there was a chance of our escaping; and this intelligence put us into better spirits.”

We came to the result.  
“We were invited by the Mallams to land, and told to look at our goods and see if they were all there. To my great satisfaction, I immediately recognised the box containing our books, and one of my brother's journals. The medicine-chest was by its side, but both were filled with water. A large carpet-bag, containing all our wearing apparel, was lying cut open, and deprived of its contents with the exception of a shirt, a pair of trousers, and a waistcoat. Many valuable articles which it had contained were gone. The whole of my journal, with the exception of a note-book with remarks from Rabba to this place, were lost. Four guns, one of which had been the property of the late Mr. Park, four cutlasses, and two pistols, were gone. Nine elephant's tusks, the finest I had seen in the country, which had been given me by the kings of Wowow and Boossa, a quantity of ostrich feathers, some handsome leopard skins, a great variety of seeds, all our buttons, cowries, and needles, which were necessary for us to purchase provisions with,—all were missing, and said to have been sunk in the river. The two boxes and the bag were all that could be found. We had been desired to seat ourselves, which, as soon as we had done, a circle gathered round us, and began questioning us; but at that moment the sound of screams and the clashing of arms reached the spot; and the multitude catching fire at the noise, drew their swords, and leaving us to ourselves, they ran away to the place whence it proceeded. The poor women were hurrying with their little property towards the river from all directions, and imagining that we ourselves might be trampled under foot, were we to remain longer sitting on the ground, we joined the flying fugitives, and all rushing into the water, sprang into canoes, and pushed off the land, whither our pursuers dared not follow us. The origin of all this was a desire for more plunder on the part of the Eboe people. Seeing the few things of ours in the market-place which had been taken from their canoes, they made a rush to

the place to recover them. The natives, who were Kirree people, stood ready for them, armed with swords, daggers, and guns; and the savage Eboes finding themselves foiled in the attempt, retreated to their canoes without risking an attack, although we fully expected to have been spectators of a furious and bloody battle. The noise and uproar which this produced were dreadful and beyond all description. This, after all, was a fortunate circumstance, inasmuch as my brother and I, having unconsciously jumped into the same canoe, found ourselves in each other's company, and were thus afforded, for a short time at least, the pleasure of conversing without interruption; and he then related to me all that had happened to him since the morning. Like me he had no foresight of mischief, or apprehensions of danger, and therefore he took no means whatever of shunning the immense canoes which he perceived were approaching him with their large flags. But, on the contrary, these striking and uncommon appendages, to which neither of us had been accustomed, served to excite his curiosity and win his admiration rather than awaken any fear or suspicion of danger. The *palaver* not having yet concluded, we had full leisure to contemplate the scene around us. We had moored a little way from the banks of the river: in front of us was the market-place, which was crammed with people, from all parts of the neighbouring country, of different tribes,—a great multitude of wild men, of ferocious aspect, and savage uncouth manners. To these belonged the choice, either of giving us life and liberty, or dooming us to slavery or death. In the latter determination their minds might be swayed by suspicion or caprice, or influenced by hatred; in the former they might be guided by the hopes of gain, or biased by the fears of punishment,—for many of them had come from the sea-coast, and such an adventure as ours could not long remain concealed from the knowledge of our countrymen. The shore for a long way was lined with their canoes, having the colours of various European nations waving from long poles, which were fastened to the seats. Several of these had as many as three flags in each; they were all of immense size, and fringed with blue cotton (baft) cut into scollops. Besides these there were others of the strangest and most grotesque patterns, such as representations of wild beasts, men's legs, wine-glasses, decanters, and things of still more whimsical shapes. Whence the barbarians procured these emblematical banners we cannot tell; but we understand that each tribe has its own peculiar flags, which are unfurled whenever they undertake any enterprise of importance. Canoes were likewise stationed near an island or sand-bank in the middle of the river, which we considered to be neutral, as their owners did not seem to interfere with the proceedings of the day. But there happened to be among the savages a few well-dressed Mahomedan priests, who had come late to the market from the northward. These were decidedly our friends. Many times they blessed us with uplifted hands and compassionate countenances, exclaiming ‘*Alla Sultikee!*’ (God is King!) Nor did they confine themselves to simple expressions of pity or concern; but, as we subsequently learned, they joined the assembly, and spoke in our favour with warmth and energy, taxing those who had assaulted us with cowardice, cruelty, and wrong, and proposing to have them beheaded on the spot as a just punishment for their crime. This was bold language, but it produced a salutary effect on the minds of the hearers. The

women and children took charge of the canoes whilst their husbands and fathers were on shore. From the former we received little presents of bananas and cocoa-nuts, which were our only food during the day, but with the latter we had little communication. Both men and women wore immensely large ivory rings on their legs and arms, which were at least an inch in thickness, and six inches in depth; and these ornaments were so heavy and inconvenient, that when the females walked, they appeared the most awkward and ungraceful creatures in the world; in fact they could not walk without producing a collision of these unwieldy rings. The women's necks and bosoms were likewise decorated with strings of coral and other beads, but their dress was confined to a piece of figured cotton, encircling the waists and extending halfway down the leg. At about three in the afternoon we were ordered to return to the small island from whence we had come; and the setting of the sun being the signal for the counsel to dissolve, we were again sent for to the market. The people had been engaged in deliberation and discussion during the whole of the day, and, with throbbing hearts, we received their resolution in nearly the following words: 'That the king of the country being absent, they had taken upon themselves to consider the occurrence which had taken place in the morning, and to give judgment accordingly. Those of our things which had been saved from the water should be restored to us, and the person that had first commenced the attack on my brother should lose his head, as a just retribution for his offence, having acted without his chief's permission; that with regard to us, we must consider ourselves as prisoners, and consent to be conducted on the following morning to Obie, king of the Eboe country, before whom we should undergo an examination, and whose will and pleasure concerning our persons would then be explained.' We received the intelligence with feelings of joy, and with grateful hearts we offered up thanks to our Divine Creator for his signal preservation of us throughout this disastrous day. It was, perhaps, fortunate for us that we had no article of value which the natives were at all solicitous about; and to this circumstance, added to the envy of those who had joined in the conquest, but who had not shared the plunder, may chiefly be attributed, under Providence, the preservation of our lives. Our medicine-chest, and a trunk containing books, &c., which were all spoiled by the water, were subsequently restored to us; but our wearing apparel, Mr. Park's double-barrelled gun, the loss of which we particularly regretted, and all our muskets, swords, and pistols, with those of our men, were sunk or missing. We likewise lost the elephants' teeth given us by the kings of Boossà and Wovow, a few natural curiosities, our compass and thermometers, my brother's journal and part of my own, my memorandum, note, and sketch-book, and others which were open in the canoe, besides all our cowries and needles, so that we are left completely destitute, to the mercy of we know not whom."

They are carried down to Eboe, three days; and the following is of geographical interest by the way:

"We hung on by the shore till the fog had dispersed, when we were again allowed to see the river. We found ourselves on an immense body of water, like a lake, having gone a little out of the road, and at the mouth of a very considerable river, flowing to the westward, it being an important branch of the Niger; and

other branch also ran from hence to the south-east, while our course was in a south-westerly direction on the main body; the whole forming, in fact, three rivers of considerable magnitude. The banks were all low and swampy, and completely covered with palm-trees."

At Eboe we must pause till next Saturday, when we trust to bring this review to a conclusion.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MR. WHEATSTONE on the vibrations of columns of air in cylindrical and conical tubes. The different methods by which the air in tubes is thrown into vibration was explained and illustrated. The lecturer then referred to Bernoulli's researches on the subject, illustrating some of the conclusions by very striking experiments: *ex. gr.* a square glass plate and a leaden tube were arranged so as to accord on the note producible by each; the tube was then bent almost into a ring, its apertures being opposite to each other: when the excited vibrating plate was put between these apertures no sound was produced, because the vibrating part of the plate, when moving from one aperture, was advancing to the other; whereas, to produce sound in the tube, the air must at the same instant be either passing into, or out of, both ends at once. On bending the pipe into a spiral, so that two parts of the plate moving in opposite directions could be opposite the apertures, then a full strong sound was produced. Mr. Wheatstone observed, that the opinion entertained by Chladni and others, viz. that the end at which a tube is excited must always be open, was erroneous; and shewed experimentally, that a cylindrical tube, such as a horn, gives the harmonies corresponding to a closed pipe.

On a subject of this kind, where so much depends on experiments, it must be manifest that no report of ours can convey an adequate idea of its interesting nature.

A very fine collection of insects (*Coleoptera lepidoptera*) from the Brazils, was placed upon the library-table by their collector, M. De Lattre.

### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MARCH 14th. Mr. Murchison, the President, in the chair.—Six new Fellows were elected, and donations made to the library.

A paper was read on the structure of the Cotteswold Hills, near Cheltenham, compared with that of the Cleveland Hills; and on the occurrence of vertical stems of *equisetum columnare* in the sandstone of the latter, by Mr. Murchison.

### ELECTRICITY AND MAGNETISM.

A COMMUNICATION has been received, within these few days, from Italy, of a result of the highest interest in science, obtained by the Cavaliere Leopoldo Nobili, of Reggio, in the duchy of Modena, during the prosecution of his electro-magnetical researches. It is stated that a spark, similar to that of electricity, has been obtained by him from the common magnet! In 1708 the electrical spark was discovered by Dr. Hall, who compared its appearance to that of lightning. Dr. Franklin, half a century afterwards, proved, by means of his kites, that lightning was identical with the electric fluid; and in our own time, within these few years, Professor Oersted, of Copenhagen, has demonstrated the connexion between electricity and magnetism, from the effects pro-

duced by electrical currents in the galvanic battery on a magnetic needle brought within the sphere of their influence. The result of Cav. Nobili, therefore, appears to complete the evidence of the identity between electricity and magnetism, and will, we have no doubt, when the details of his experiments are made known, prove, in conjunction with the sterling inductive researches of Mr. Faraday, which were rapidly tending to the same discovery, and with the investigations of Professor Ritchie on the theory and laws of action of the galvanic battery, a fertile source of new and interesting developments in these mysterious branches of natural science. The Cav. Nobili is already favourably known to men of science by his electro-magnetical inquiries, published in the *Memorie della Società Italiana*, and in the *Bibliothèque Universelle*; and as the inventor of a delicate galvanometer, and also of a secret mode of imparting to steel plates, by a peculiar modification of galvanic agency, intensely iridescent colours of great symmetry and beauty. In 1829 he paid a visit to this country, and exhibited at the Royal Society and Royal Institution (vide *Literary Gasettes* of that session) his galvanometer, and a variety of these plates, to which he gave the name of *metallo-chromie*.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

### ROYAL SOCIETY.

DR. BUCKLAND in the chair.—The first part of a paper by Dr. John Davy, entitled "An Account of Observations and Experiments on the Torpedo," was read. The author states these researches into the nature of the peculiar electrical properties of the torpedo to be a continuation of those made by him in conjunction with his brother, the late Sir Humphry Davy, in 1828, while that lamented philosopher was visiting Rome, Civitá Vecchia, and various parts of the Mediterranean coast, and from which, for want of a sufficient supply of animals in a fresh state, results of a negative kind only were obtained. The whole of the experiments forming the basis of the present communication, were made by the author during a summer residence near the coast of Malta, where he was abundantly supplied with torpedoes of every size. This part of the paper relates to the electricity of the torpedo in its passage through perfect as well as imperfect conduction; in the former, coils of copper wire and the multiplier being employed, and in the latter, moistened cotton and other imperfect conductors. He found a needle placed in the coil of wire become perfectly magnetic; and states that the back of the animal was found by him to bear relation to the copper, and the belly to the zinc termination of the galvanic apparatus, in opposition to the views of Walsh, who believed the sides of the torpedo to have these relations. The author was unable to obtain a spark from the animal, however healthy and favourable its appearance, or however much excited, although he brought the wires of the circuit, by means of a microscope, to within  $\frac{1}{1000}$  of an inch of each other. When, however, the torpedo was placed, under favourable circumstances, in an insulated metallic vessel, a considerable degree of phosphorescent light was perceived to be emitted; but this continuing after the removal of the animal, the author suspected, and afterwards satisfied himself, that this appearance was occasioned by marine animalcules.

### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

The reading of Mr. Madden's paper was concluded.

## ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SIR G. H. STAUNTON in the chair. Donations presented:—From Sir Gore Ouseley, several impressions from engraved wooden blocks, found in a Nepalese fort about fifty years ago: the subjects are apparently amulets or prayers. From his Excellency A. R. Falk, Netherlands ambassador, &c., *Gerick's Eerste Gronden der Javaansche Taal, &c.* and *Wernid's Maleisch Spraakkunst*. From Colonel Tod, a copy of the second and concluding volume of his splendid work on the *Annals and Antiquities of Rajast'han*.

Three papers were read; first, some remarks by R. Moncy, Esq. on a mistake of the Baron de Sacy's respecting an inscription at Naksh i Rustam. The Baron considered that the sculptured figures at Naksh i Rustam represented the conquest of the last of the Arsacids by Ardashir (or Artaxerxes). Mr. Moncy, on the other hand, from reasons here assigned, believes them to record the abdication of Ardashir in favour of his son Shapur, and to represent him in the act of resigning the regal emblems into the hands of the latter. Second, a notice of the resemblance between the personal ornaments of the Brinjarries, a wandering tribe in India, and those sculptured on the Buddh figures in the cave temples at Karle, by Colonel W. H. Sykes; and, thirdly, the second portion of a paper on the Jainas of Gujerat and Mauvar, by Colonel Miles. Adjourned to the 7th of April.

## FINE ARTS.

GALLERY OF BRITISH ARTISTS,  
SUFFOLK STREET.

THIS gallery will not open to the public until Monday next; but, having been favoured with admission to the private view yesterday, we are enabled to state that, in our opinion, the exhibition of the present year is much superior to that of any former season, both in variety and in skill. A new arrangement has been made: the first, or entrance room, is now appropriated to the drawings; and, in point of light, they have gained greatly by the change.

Without observing any particular order in our remarks, we shall proceed to notice some of the most prominent and attractive works of which this interesting collection is composed; and shall commence with one of the most striking, viz.

No. 224. *The first picture of a series intended to represent the Procession to the Abbey on the day of the Coronation of his present Majesty, King William the Fourth; containing the Portraits of distinguished Personages who attended on that occasion. Painted for His Majesty.* R. B. Davis.—Those who had not the opportunity of seeing this regal spectacle, or those who, having seen it, wish to renew it in their "mind's eye," will experience equal gratification in viewing the present able performance; the details of which will fully satisfy the most fastidious in technical criticism. But that is not all. It possesses a fine and unexpected character of picturesque composition; for, difficult as, under such circumstances, is the achievement of "breaking the line," Mr. Davis has accomplished it with the skill of a Rodney or a Nelson.

No. 13. *Ruins, Composition.* D. Roberts.—All that the beautiful quotation from Mrs. Hemans embraces will be found in this noble composition. We hope we are not distinguished by the organ of destructiveness; but we confess that, as lovers of the picturesque, it is, as in the present instance, in its decay that we prefer

contemplating the representation of any magnificent edifice.

No. 186. *The Grecian Choirs at the Temple of Apollo.* W. Linton.—In addition to the classic elegance of the composition, Mr. Linton has imparted to his air-tints a soft and blended sweetness, superior to that of most of his former works. There is at the same time a brilliant splash of sunlight on the water, which is productive of great spirit and effect.

No. 223. *Reefing Topsails, Gale approaching.* J. Wilson.—Whoever observes the trim of this gallant vessel, and sees how proudly she crests the waves, will entertain no fear for her safety. The picture is a fine specimen of Mr. Wilson's powers: we will venture to say, that it is as beautiful in its elemental character, and as fluent in its execution, as the best of *Vandervelde's*.

No. 208. *The Eltrick Shepherd in his Forest Plaid.* J. W. Gordon.—A resemblance of this remarkable man as true and unaffected as his own writings. As a work of art, it ranks with any upon these walls.

No. 213. *Group of Children.* Mrs. W. Carpenter.—The name of Mrs. Carpenter is a sufficient warranty of the excellence of this as well as of her other performances in the gallery.

No. 107. *D. Roberts.* J. Simpson.—An admirable likeness, admirably executed.

No. 8. *A Cameronian Sunday Evening.* Charles Lees.—Under the canopy of one of the most tranquil skies that we ever beheld, the worship of the Creator is here going on with silent, but apparently heartfelt devotion. How striking a contrast to the Cameronian turbulence of former days; and, we are sorry to add, how striking a contrast to the pseudo-religious rant which too frequently disgraces the present day!

No. 17. *Landscape on the River Dart, Devonshire.* F. R. Lee.—Mr. Lee's high reputation is fully maintained by this fine performance.

No. 27. *A Philosopher's Study for a larger Picture.* H. Wyatt.—"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." We are so well satisfied with the "study," that if we were put to the choice, we would take it at once, rather than wait for its amplified successor.

No. 32. *Windsor Castle: autumnal Morning.* E. Child.—As true in its effect as it is interesting in its character; perpetuating an object associated with so much that is grand and striking in our national history.

No. 45. *The Widow.* E. Prentis.—A subject always calculated to excite sympathy. It has lost nothing of its power in the hands of Mr. Prentis.

No. 52. *The Town of Menagio, on the Lake of Como.* F. C. Holland.—Frequently and ably as we have seen this scene depicted, we really think the present its best representation. Its quiet waters, its distant mountains, its terraces, and its edifices, are all in keeping with the serenity of its aspect.

No. 80. *Portraits of Lord Trentham, and Lady Caroline Gower, children of the Earl and Countess of Gower.* F. Y. Hurlstone.—As a centre, and over the mantel, these portraits are well and properly placed. They exhibit the talents of Mr. Hurlstone in portrait composition in a very advantageous light.

No. 73. *Flower-Girl.* B. R. Faulkner. This, and No. 86, by the same artist, are of a cabinet size, and are worthy of attention, as well from their unsophisticated character, as from the beauty and skill of their execution.

[To be continued.]

## MR. HAYDON'S EXHIBITION.

As is usual with us, we have taken a glance at this exhibition at the Egyptian Hall previous to its public opening; and are glad to bear our testimony to its high merits and interest. The principal picture is *Xenophon and the Ten Thousand first seeing the sea from Mount Teches*; a well-conceived and highly spirited production. The *Mock Election*, at the other end of the gallery, opposes a blaze of low humour to the well-told story of Greek heroism. There are also some smaller, new, and admirable pieces: *First Start in Life*, a child beginning the use of its limbs; the *Dying Boy*, no hope—an affecting group of a mother and two children; *First Child*, another infantile scene, are three amazingly clever and characteristic compositions. Waiting for the *Times Newspaper*, and *Falstaff and Doll Tear-sheet*, are rich and capital sketches; *Sunday Evening*, a beautiful and simple representation of an aged man reading the Bible to his wife. Several "Musings" of Napoleon, at various periods of his life, and some classical subjects, complete the exhibition, which is well calculated to display the genius of the painter, and cause us to regret the still recurring complaint in his catalogue, of a want of encouragement in England to the higher branches of art, and to his own peculiar hardship in having been placed out of their sphere by the Royal Academy.

## DISCOVERIES AT CORNETO.

THE excavations undertaken near Corneto, in that curious plain, which may be truly called the *Père la Chaise* of the ancient Tarquinii, one of the principal Etruscan cities, and which have already proved so productive, are continued with success. One of the learned men to whom they are chiefly indebted, the Chevalier Manzoni, who has acquired great reputation in the literary world by his fine translation of *Xenophon*, has lately caused further excavations to be made. He had already found a multitude of curious articles, paintings, mirrors, vases, &c. He has just added to these discoveries that of a statue of terra-cotta, as large as life. This is the first of the kind hitherto discovered. Pliny calls these statues *auro sanctiora*. This one represents a man about thirty years of age; the whole figure is very beautiful; the head is full of character; it has on it a crown of gold, which seems to have been a military recompense. This discovery is an important event to all lovers of antiquities.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Illustrations of the American Ornithology of Alexander Wilson and Charles Lucian Bonaparte; with the addition of numerous recently discovered Species; and including Representations of the principal Insects, Forest-trees, and Fruits of America.* Drawn, engraved, and coloured, under the superintendence of Captain Thomas Brown, F.R.S., M.W.S., &c. President of the Royal Physical Society. Nos. II. and III. Edinburgh, Constable; London, Hurst, Chance, and Co.; Moon, Boys, and Graves.

HIGHLY as we thought of the first number of this splendid work, we are sensible of a considerable improvement in the numbers under our notice. They contain a much larger proportion of the forest-trees, which, in our opinion, adds greatly to the beauty of the plates; and the foliage and fruit are quite sufficient for every botanical purpose. Of the birds, the jays, the swallows, the bullfinches, and the par-



rots, are the most finely shaped, and the most brilliantly and variously coloured.

*Filial Solicitude.* Painted by Madame Lescot; engraved by S. Angell. Henry Lacey. A PLEASING subject, very pleasingly treated. Of all the feelings of the human heart, there is no one the natural and unaffected exhibition of which is more delightful. Madame Lescot has also shewn considerable powers as an artist.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.



#### THE GARRICK CLUB PAPERS, NO. VII.

##### Covent Garden Theatre.

ANOTHER arrangement has, we believe, been made at this theatre, for the sake of carrying on the business to the end of the season. After deducting 57*l.* odds, for the current expenses of lighting, &c. &c. each night, the house is to be opened at the risk of the performers, whose salaries are to be regulated by the amount of the receipts. Thus, if above 200*l.* is received, they will have enough to pay themselves in full: if less, deductions in proportion to their several salaries must be made. When the rent is added, the nightly expenses reach about 300*l.*; so that this new plan is merely temporary, to meet the exigencies of the hour. We hope it will more than succeed.

##### The Fast Day.

"Tis our fast intent."—*Leary, Act I. Scene I.*

HOWEVER extraordinary it may appear to the thinking world, it has occurred, that a member of the Garrick Club has paid more than usual attention to the late Fast-day. This gentleman commenced his observance at the early hour of two in the morning of the 21st (in fact before he went to rest), and, in a most praiseworthy manner, made all his doors and windows fast. He did this on the principle of "fast bind, fast find;" he then retired to bed, and remained fast asleep until it was time to break-fast; after which (leaving his fastness) he ordered his cabriolet, and enjoyed a fast drive in the Park, where his horse was observed to be such a trotter, that it became a general remark that "there was not a faster out during the day." The air produced an appetite; but as our member, though fastidious, never in his life knew what fasting meant, he took the trouble to look into *Johnson's Dictionary* for the actual solution of the word, and its authority, and turning to F, read, "To fast, *v. n.* to abstain from food.—*Bacon*,"—which he conjectured simply and literally to point out that he was to abstain merely from *bacon*. He therefore adjourned to our Club, and in the most estimable mode, piously partook of some excellent salt-fish and egg-sauce, to keep up appearances—(he stated his intention to eat buns on Good Friday, and did not omit his pancakes on Shrove Tuesday)—to which was added, three *côtelettes à la Maintenon*, (the original inventress of that

savoury improvement to mutton chops was, by the way, an illustrious patroness of penance and fasting; and in the concoction thereof, the great *Solomon* himself is no mean proficient.) After which, as they say in the play-bills, a wild duck, with lemon and cayenne, made its first appearance in public, and was received with unequalled, but not undivided, applause. The entertainments concluded with a pleasing selection of apple-fritters, and the customary quantity of generous wine: as bottle after bottle vanished, some thought that our friend, for a fast day, "was going it a little too fast."

Many may have spent "starvation festival" in a more decorous manner, and will probably find inward comfort in their emptiness, and boast of it: but we are rather inclined to agree with our member, and re-member the adage—that "although *brag* is a good dog, *hold-fast* is a better."

How to catch a large Trout.—We have heard the phrase "solitary angler," and having a solitary jest, we may as well fit it to the occasion. One of the Walton Club (also a Garriker) was boasting the other day of an enormous trout he had caught, almost as large as that which shines in the last Exeter papers. It was a perfect wonder, and weighed fourteen pounds! "Pray how did you catch it?" said a friend. "Why, with a fly." "Without the *f*, I suppose."

#### MUSIC.

##### LENT CONCERTS: DRURY LANE.

THE *Messiah*, the chef-d'œuvre of the "mighty master," attracted a more numerous audience on Friday, the 16th, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, than the incongruous medley (we beg pardon), the "grand miscellaneous selection" of former evenings. This evidence of improvement in the public taste induces a supposition, that other sterling oratorios might prove almost equally attractive. Would it not be worth while to try the experiment? The performance on Friday was in some respects excellent. The choruses were extremely well sung, but they were, with one or two exceptions, led off a little too fast. The voices also want balancing, as the tenors are disproportionately loud: a numerical addition to the trebles and basses would be very desirable. M<sup>me</sup>. Stockhausen sang, "There were Shepherds," "Rejoice greatly," and "Come unto Him;" the last was her happiest effort, as it best suited the character of her voice. Her shake is particularly sweet and well turned.

We are impatient to make the *amende honorable* to Mrs. Bishop for having depreciated her talent even in thought. The pure and classical style in which she sang "But thou didst not leave," stamps her as a vocalist of the first order. It was gratifying also to perceive that her intonation was, for the most part, correct. Let her only make sure of this essential point, and she will become one of the greatest ornaments of her profession. Miss H. Cawse sang "Oh! thou that tellest," and "He was despised," in a correct and musician-like style; indeed, in the first song her musical skill was put to a severe test, for the full and varied accompaniment was played so loud, that it would have completely puzzled an unscientific singer. Miss Pearson sang "He shall feed his flock" very tolerably. Why should a mistake, which Handel chanced to make in this song, be adhered to? We allude to the word "shall," in the first sentence, being strangely accented;

an absurdity which almost perverts the sense of the words, and may be so easily obviated without the least injury to the melody, that it is astonishing how any one can be so silly as to persist in the error. Miss Pearson was judiciously put forward as a substitute for M<sup>me</sup>. Stockhausen, to sing "I know that my Redeemer liveth." It appeared that she had not previously studied it, for she made several mistakes in the time. Braham was not in good voice, yet he sang "Thy rebuke" with much feeling; and he displayed so much energy in "Thou shalt break them," as to elicit a boisterous *encore*. Mr. E. Seguin must not depend on his voice alone for giving effect to Handel's music; his manner of singing the recitative, "Thus saith the Lord," and air, "But who may abide," was altogether unfinished, tame, and cold. Mr. Phillips is a striking instance of how much excellence may be attained in the vocal art, without any great degree of physical force. His pure tone and finished energetic style in "The people that walked in darkness," gave an effect that mere volume of voice, without these requisites, would have failed to produce. This delightful singer appears to most advantage in the highest kind of music; for his energy always seems to increase in proportion to the dignity of his subject. The effect of his singing in "Why do the nations," was somewhat injured by the loudness of the accompaniment. Indeed, a great degree of harshness prevailed in the band throughout the oratorio, the soft parts not being sufficiently subdued; and one unlucky violin was out of tune the whole evening. A Master Hopkins sang "If God be for us" in a weak thin voice, and with a nasal tone; but his defects were probably aggravated by the circumstance of his being very much frightened. Mrs. Anderson played some light and brilliant variations, by Czerny, on *le petit tambour*, in a correct and finished style. Master Collins repeated his variations on the violin. He is a promising child; it is to be hoped he will not be spoiled in the training. On the whole, there seemed a general feeling of satisfaction with the evening's entertainment.

THE second concert of the *Società Armonica* took place on Tuesday. The instrumental performances were very pleasing. M<sup>me</sup>. Meric and De Bagnis sustained the principal vocal parts; the one with sweetness, the other with humour; in both, with musical taste and science. Mr. Chapman, a pupil of Sir George Smart's, was much applauded on his *début*: he has a fine bass voice.

#### DRAMA.

##### DRURY LANE.

*Der Alchymist*, a grand romantic opera, compounded by Bishop out of half a dozen of Spohr's operas, was produced here on Tuesday, with but doubtful effect. We would fain hear it again, however, before we pronounced a decisive opinion. The music in the first instance certainly seemed to be tame and same; yet there were some sweet melodies, with the aid of good scenery to back them. Perhaps the experience of a trial may suggest alterations which will infuse more spirit into the *Alchymist*; otherwise, we fear, he will not turn the receipts of the theatre largely into gold.

##### COVENT GARDEN.

ON Saturday, *Born to Good Luck*, or an *Irishman's Fortune*, was produced here after *Francis the First*. As some critics have said of the

latter that it is not only Francis but Frances the first; so we may say of the former, if extreme popularity be good luck, that its adapter, Power, has been born to it, and is in the fairest possible way to make an Irishman's fortune. Altered, if we mistake not, from an opera entitled *False and True*, acted some thirty years ago, Mr. Power's drama is very amusing throughout, has several stage situations which are great hits, and, above all, has the histrionic talent of its author to depend upon. His *Paddy O'Rafferty* is inimitable from the eye to the toe; every look, every tone, and every gesture, is perfectly Irish; and in love, in war, in dance, and in danger, he is alike at home. Taken to Naples by mistake instead of Dublin, his adventures are full of bustle; and he is the pivot on which the machinery, composed of a good-humoured old count (*Malff, F. Mathews*); a villain (*Diddear*), with his satellite assassins; a true lover (*Duruset*); an aged and amorous widow (*Mrs. Tayleure*); and two younger females (*Miss and Miss H. Cawse*), turn in their various evolutions. By a lucky coincidence, this piece came out on Saint Patrick's day: the audience laughed from the beginning to the end of it at Power's drollery; and if all that the newspapers state be true, we could heartily wish that all other assemblages where Ireland was in question had been equally meritorious and successful. It has been played every night since with increased and increasing applause; and will only be discontinued on account of Power's engagement in Edinburgh, whither he goes for the first time next week, to delight our northern friends with a true taste of the Irishman on the stage.

M. LAPORTE, we rejoice to see, opens the French-play season on Monday.

#### UNREHEARSED STAGE EFFECTS.

*Adelphi, March 14.*—The following is a faithful report of certain unrehearsed scenes which occurred on this occasion. A crowded house—impatient gallery—no musicians—sibilant storm peculiar to the Adelphi deities—enter knights of the bow and fiddle—deities propitiated—curtain rises—enter Yates—much applause, more hissing. Yates (stepping to the foot-lights with good-humoured face), "Any body displeased?" Chorus—"No." Yates—"Some one, I am sure, not pleased: perhaps on account of having been kept waiting: a performance advertised for half-past seven always means a quarter to eight." Spokesman of a party—"Its five minutes arter eight." Yates (addressing first fiddle, in orchestra),—"What is o'clock?" First fiddle—"Ten minutes to eight." Yates (addressing spokesman of a party),—"Watches rather fast, I am afraid, gentlemen. However, I'll now try to please." When he entered to commence his second part, his wit was even more on the alert. Half-price had commenced, and there was a sort of grumbling skirmish in the pit. Yates put forward a listening and inquiring face. Man in the pit—"Mr. Yates, there's no room." Yates—"Sir, I'm quite delighted to hear it." (Bursts of laughter from all parts of the house.)

*Covent Garden, March 15.*—First night of *Francis the First*.—Many are the purposed differences between the acted and the written play; the following were among the unpurposed ones. The line,

The lady's praise falls freely from thy tongue, was thus given by Mason,

The lady's speech falls freely from thy tongue.

This would have been a curious phenomenon,

but it was not borne out by the fact. Abbot, instead of,

And modest pride of her own excellence, accused *Françoise* of

Strong desire of her own excellence. The terms "modest pride," and "strong desire," are not, I conceive, exact synonyms. E. Tree should have said of the king,

His crimson crest waving upon the air Like Victory's ruddy favours;

but perceiving, just in time, that Mr. Mason's feathers were white instead of red, she adroitly substituted "flowing" for "crimson," and "snowy" for "ruddy." She afterwards received a repayment in kind for this alteration, from Miss Lee, who, glancing at her dark hair just as she was about to say,

Let me bind up these golden locks, called them "glossy" instead. When *Gonzalez*, to prove his truth, should have presented certain parchments to *Bourbon*, Warde had no parchments to present, and Mr. Kemble was obliged to be satisfied without satisfaction; and when *Francis* tells his mother to

Strip me that diadem from off thy brow,

Miss Kemble had on no diadem to strip. *Lautree*, called in the play a "beardless boy," was personated by Mr. Baker, who is, of all actors on the stage, the most black-chinned (excepting perhaps only Mr. Bland of the Strand Theatre). The *Times* remarked on the correctness of the scenery and dresses. Bennet wore the *Mercurio* dress of the establishment, disguised with artificial slashes on the sleeves, one of which at last betrayed itself, and hung down like a long thong; and the *Council Chamber* of the Paris court was the first scene of *Hop o' my Thumb* (the scene of which was laid in Wales).

*Covent Garden, March 17.* First night of *Born to Good Luck*.—I have before remarked on Power's powers as an improvisatore. On his first entrance he stumbled upon a black carnival mask, inadvertently dropped by F. Mathews in a previous scene; and when the applause had subsided, and the audience were waiting for his first word, he thus commenced: "Och, and sure, and some gintleman has dropped his face! (picks up the mask, and examines it.) And faith, and I don't wonder at his not picking ye up again, for it's no beauty ye are" (throws down the mask, and begins his part).

*Drury Lane, March 20.* First night of the *Alchymist*.—Harley, as a hypocondriac, fancied himself so many absurd things, that the audience at last also fancied him an absurd thing, and hissed him accordingly. Hereon he took two opportunities of manifesting his own opinion of the part assigned to him. In explaining part of the plot, he suddenly digressed into imagining himself a clock; and on his auditors exclaiming, "Well, well, but what is all this to the purpose?" he answered, "Why, nothing at all, I must confess" (great laughter and applause). And in a subsequent scene, when, on fancying himself a gilet pie, one of the characters exclaimed, "Nonsense!" he immediately rejoined, "Well, do you know, I think so too" (increased laughter and applause). In the last act there was one of the most complicated pieces of bungling it has ever been my lot to witness. A chamber scene was withdrawn, and discovered a forest scene; a trap-door, some four or five feet broad, and of the whole length of the stage, was then meant to open, and one half slid off very correctly, but the other refused to move, so that part of a scene that was to have risen was obstructed, and nothing appeared of it but its one highest

point, which looked for all the world like a gigantic pat of butter on the stage. The refractory half was at last desperately pulled off in some half-dozen separate bits, and the pat proved to be the apex of some butter-coloured rocks which now duly rose, and, being met by a descending sky-piece, the forest-scene was totally obscured, without a soul having entered except the carpenters! After a brief scene before these rocks, they again sunk and discovered the last scene, a street, but the chasm still remained half uncovered! A very Babel of clamorous voices, giving conflicting directions, now arose: "Put on the slide—don't—can't—there—where—now—how?" &c. &c.; and at last sundry loose masses of board were successively thrust on by the carpenters, till the aperture was covered in most pit-fall-like style. Unfortunately, a long crowded procession entered on the fox-trap side, which was avoided by every body by means of a most wide and whimsical sinuosity of course, and throughout the whole of the busiest scene in the play one-half the stage was forbidden ground. Imagine (for I cannot trust myself to describe all) the numberless ridiculous effects growing out of this complex clumsiness—the wariness of all to avoid, and the terror of some (*Phillips inter alios*) when positively forced across the treacherous covering—the—but I must resolutely desist. The final catastrophe, namely, the falling dead of Mrs. Wood upon Mr. Phillips's body, elicited what the French call *éclats de rire*. A clearer case of Burking could never have been witnessed even by Burkers. She fell first (excuse me for using the only expressive word) thwack upon his chest, and immediately rolled over upon his throat with her arm pressing on his nose, and blinding his eyes, filling his mouth, and totally deluging his whole face with dishevelled hair! I positively entertained not the slightest hope of ever seeing his name in the bills again.

#### VARIETIES.

*New Masonry.*—Mr. Milne, of Edinburgh, has produced a machine for hewing stones, which is worked by steam, and almost supercedes manual labour in this mechanical branch of industry.

*La Peyrouse.*—We regret to see, by a printed letter from Mr. Peter Dillon to Count Sebastiani, that the latter has found cause to complain bitterly of wrongs done him by the French government. Surely the discoverer of the long-sought wreck of La Peyrouse deserved well at his hands, no matter to what country he belonged.

"Sept. 3d.—I have been prevailed upon to devote some days to the enjoyment of a country life at the beautiful Lady G——'s, a relation of Canning. At breakfast she told me that she was present some months ago when Canning took leave of his mother (both being then in perfect health) in these words: 'Adieu, dear mother! in August we shall meet again.' In July the mother died suddenly, and in the beginning of August her son followed her."—*Tour of a German Prince.*

*Captain Thomas Abercrombie Trant.*—In recording the death of this brave and intelligent officer, in the pages of this journal, we are but performing a duty we owe to the profession of which he was an ornament, and to literature, in which he had acquired a name. He was the only son of General Sir Nicholas Trant, whose services in the Peninsular war, at the head of the Portuguese legion, are matters of history and of imperishable fame. Captain Trant was

the author of an excellent volume on the Indian war in Ava, where he served with honour; and his contributions to the *United Service Journal* are equally creditable to his pen. He is lost to his family and the service in the prime of youth, being only twenty-seven, having given the promise of talents that would have raised him to the highest honours of his profession, and that would have reflected lustre on any rank that he could have received.

**Literary and Political.**—Upon the question between the Stamp-office and the penny and twopenny periodicals which inundate the streets, we would desire to take no part until we found time and space to discuss it fully. It is of much importance, and we have been surprised that so great an innovation was tolerated even for a week. We can speak from dear-bought experience, that the law of old did not use to be so sleepy. The subject of booksellers' monopoly, and the dispute between "the trade" and Mr. Pickering, respecting which he has circulated a printed statement, is also one from the discussion of which we would fain abstain. We think there are many imperfections and evils in the common way of publishing; but it would require a very well-matured and extensively-arranged scheme to counteract and cure them.

**Sinclair in America.**—We observe, from the Boston Evening Transcript of February 14th, that Sinclair is singing at Boston with the utmost *télat*. His *Apollo in Midas*, had there, as elsewhere, ravished the ears of his auditors; and a renewed engagement, though for only two nights, was announced, in order to afford the previously ungratified Bostonians an opportunity of hearing him in *Midas* and *Fontainebleau*. The journals speak of our delightful vocalist in terms of unmeasured enthusiasm. We are sorry to see from more southern papers that the hostility to Mr. Anderson still prevails. When he is announced, mobs and broken windows are the usual consequence. This is poor work.

**Sanscrit Professorship, Oxford.**—After a hard-run election, the votes being 207 to 200, Mr. H. H. Wilson carried off this learned prize from his competitor, Dr. Mill; the other candidates having previously withdrawn. Founded and richly endowed by Colonel Boden, we are told that the emoluments of this professorship amount to 1,200*l.* per annum.

**Earthquake.**—The *Gazette de la Trinité* (Martinique) of the 7th of last December, says, "In the night between Saturday and Sunday, at ten minutes before eight, we experienced a very violent earthquake, the recollection of which makes us still tremble. There were two distinct shocks, the first of which lasted nearly three seconds. A sensible oscillation followed, during from four to six seconds. This was succeeded by a dull sound like the rumbling of distant thunder, and then came the second shock, which was much more terrible than the first. The earth appeared to heave like the waves of the sea; and the most solid buildings, as well as the slightest sheds, yielded to the force of this motion, and tottered to their foundations. Providentially, no serious accident occurred. The waters of the gulf were remarkably agitated; and on board the vessels it seemed as if they had been violently struck by some enormous body. At the commencement of the evening the heat had been intolerable, and at the time of the earthquake there was not a breath of air. At ten at night, and at two in the morning, the earth again trembled, but these shocks were as nothing compared with the first. Some heavy showers then fell. A similar earthquake was felt at Saint Kitt's."

**Magazines.**—Our new contemporary, the *Comic Magazine*, has paid us a complimentary visit on the eve of publication, and sure enough it is filled with wood-cuts and puns; some of the former very amusing, and some of the latter ludicrously bad, as well as some of a better order. Another monthly, to be called *The Critic*, is also announced.

**Beer versus Brandy.**—A society is being formed at Weimar to discountenance drunkenness, and particularly the use of brandy. In order to promote this purpose they are to petition the Diet to reduce the duty on beer-brewing, and increase the duty on spirit distillation.

**Africa.**—M. Douville's travels in Congo and Southern Africa in the years 1828, 1829, 1830, are about to appear.—*Letter from Paris, Mar. 17.*

**Ments.**—At Mentz they are building one of the finest theatres in Europe, the cost of which is estimated at 300,000 florins. They have also begun the monument to the memory of their illustrious citizen Gutenberg.

To the Editor, &c.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I was tormented to death last night with the tooth-ache; the only momentary cessation of pain I experienced was while I composed the following conundrums, and laughed thereat.

What street in London puts in mind of a tooth which has pained you for a length of time? *Long Acre!*

When should you apply a sovereign remedy to your tooth? When it is *a-king!*

By what ejaculatory exclamation would you declare that your tooth pained you? It aches *by gum!*

Why does an aching tooth impose silence on the sufferer? Because it makes him *hold his jaw!*

To what town in Poland should you go to have it extracted? *Pultusk!*

Which of your teeth are like a mantuamaker's fingers and thumb when she is cutting out a dress? *In-cisors!*

When do your teeth usurp the functions of the tongue? When they are *chattering!*

Why is it, then, not to be wondered at that your teeth cause frequent disturbances in your mouth? Because they often make there *more than one row!*

But the con. which gave me the greatest delight, and after the making whereof I was so satisfied with myself, as to have well-nigh fallen asleep and forgotten my pain, was the following highly-classical conception:

When does an aching tooth put you in mind of Paris, with his bow and arrow, giving Achilles his mortal wound? *When it shoots in the temple! Ha! ha! ha!*

20th March, 1832.

G. N. BROWNE.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XII. Mar. 24, 1832.]

We have pleasure in announcing a poem from the pen of Allan Cunningham as among forthcoming literary novelties. The *Maid of Elvar* is the name, the scene is the Scottish border, and the time the early part of the reign of Queen Mary. A picture of pastoral and domestic life at that stirring period, when the religious struggle for the Reformation, and hostilities with England, brought so much of sorrow upon the land, must afford ample scope for the poetical talent of our estimable compatriot.

Mr. Babbage is preparing for the press a work on the Economy of Machinery and Manufactures; the results of his observations in the various mechanical processes used in the arts, &c.

Dedicated by permission to Her Majesty, the *Messiah*, a Poem in Six Books; by the Author of "the Omnipotence of the Deity," &c. We see, by the by, a remarkable instance of Mr. Montgomery's popularity as a poet out of his own country. A German publisher announces

• We like to encourage correspondents, even though some of their jokes miss fire.—Ed.

an edition of English poets, and commences the series with his complete works in two volumes.

An Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture, to appear quarterly, with numerous designs, and analytical and critical remarks, is announced by Mr. Loudon.

There is announced, a Verbal Index to the Plays of Shakespeare, by M. V. Clarke, on the plan of Cruden and Butterworth's Concordances of the Bible.

Mr. T. K. Hervey and Mr. Barnett are about to publish in conjunction a musical volume entitled, *Dreams of a Persian Maiden*.

The Second Volume of Mr. Samuel Tytme's Family Topographer, containing the Western Circuit.

Calabria, during a Military Residence of Three Years; by a General Officer of the French Army.

Augustus Fitz-George, a Romance of Yesterday. A new and enlarged edition of the Extraordinary Black Book.

A work by the late Barry St. Leger, Esq., called the Days of Chivalry, is, we hear, immediately forthcoming.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Palgrave's Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth, Anglo-Saxon Period, 2 vols. 4to. 3*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*—Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History, fcp. 10*s.* 6*d.*—Miller's Seven Churches of Asia, 8vo. 12*s.* cloth.—Truth of Revelation Demonstrated, with Plates, 12mo. 10*s.* cloth.—Recollections of Mirabeau, French, 8vo. 8*s.* sewed.—English, 8vo. 12*s.*—Hinc's Hebrew Grammar, 8vo. 7*s.* cloth.—Carnot on the Infinitesimal Analysis, translated by Browell, 8vo. 5*s.*—Wyll's Atlas, fcp. 12*s.* cloth.—Tuson's Dissector's Guide, 12mo. 9*s.*—Toll's Annals of Rajasthan, Vol. II. royal 4to. 4*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—The New Family Test Book, 18mo. 1*s.* sewed.—Ministry of the Woods, 12mo. 6*s.* plain; 9*s.* coloured, cloth, lettered.—Taylor's Tales of the Saxons, fcp. 5*s.* cloth.—Ship of the Desert, 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.—The Preacher, Vol. III. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*—Woman's Love, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. can, we presume, have any information he seeks relative to the Labourer's Friend Society at Mr. Wright's, the Treasurer, 74, West Smithfield; or Dean and Munday's, the publishers, in Threadneedle Street.

A. W. cannot be inserted. To W. we need not profess our desire to make the *Literary Gazette* pleasing and instructive to the fair sex; unless it were so, we should doubt of its deserving well even of the learned and scientific. Our only excuse in the instance alluded to, was the difficulty of finding room for new matters.

We are obliged to postpone the conclusion of our review of Mr. Jesse's delightful volume.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1832.

February.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 23	From 25. to 37.	30.30 to 30.18
Friday... 24	... 20. to 37.	30.14 to 30.04
Saturday... 25	... 21. to 37.	30.07 to 30.00
Sunday... 26	... 20. to 43.	30.13 to 30.06
Monday... 27	... 23. to 41.	30.05 to 30.09
Tuesday... 28	... 29. to 37.	30.12 to 30.13
Wednesday 29	... 30. to 43.	30.13 to 30.05

Prevailing winds, N.E. and N.W.  
Except the afternoons of the 24th and 26th, cloudy.

March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 1	From 30. to 42.	30.10 to 30.20
Friday... 2	... 34. to 45.	30.22 to 30.24
Saturday... 3	... 32. to 44.	30.25 to 30.13
Sunday... 4	... 33. to 46.	30.25 to 30.29
Monday... 5	... 33. to 46.	30.26 to 30.28
Tuesday... 6	... 32. to 46.	30.29 to 30.34
Wednesday 7	... 29. to 43.	30.24 to 30.35

Wind variable, S.E. and S.W. prevailing.  
Except the 5th and 7th, cloudy; rain on the 1st, 4th, and 6th.

Rain fallen, .525 of an inch.

March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 8	From 25. to 38.	29.39 to 29.08
Friday... 9	... 23. to 48.	29.03 to 30.10
Saturday... 10	... 20. to 47.	30.29 to 30.08
Sunday... 11	... 30. to 45.	30.34 to 30.16
Monday... 12	... 30. to 47.	29.50 to 29.20
Tuesday... 13	... 30. to 45.	29.06 to 29.60
Wednesday 14	... 32. to 50.	29.52 to 29.32

Wind variable, N.W. and S.E. prevailing.  
Generally clear till the 13th; rain fell frequently during the 14th.

March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 15	From 31. to 43.	29.29 to 29.65
Friday... 16	... 23. to 44.	29.76 to 29.73
Saturday... 17	... 30. to 51.	29.05 to 29.42
Sunday... 18	... 33. to 51.	29.40 Stationary
Monday... 19	... 32. to 50.	29.05 to 29.76
Tuesday... 20	... 36. to 51.	29.48 to 29.76
Wednesday 21	... 33. to 57.	30.00 to 30.08

Wind variable, S.W. prevailing.  
Except the 20th and 21st, generally cloudy, with frequent rain.

Rain fallen, .6 of an inch.  
*Edinburgh.*  
Latitude... 51° 37' 39" N.  
Longitude... 0 31 W. of Greenwich.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.



## GENERAL ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR 1831.

(Kept at Edmonton.)

Month.	Thermometer.				Barometer.				Rain.	Winds.							
	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.		Inches.	N.	S.	E.	N.E.	S.E.	N.W.	S.W.
January..	50	16	31.9	34	30.5	29.14	29.458	1.36	1.275	30	3	3	9	7	3	4	4
February..	62	10	41.22	52	30.3	29.12	29.783	1.3	2.06	30	1	4	12	10	10	10	10
March ..	61	25	43.89	36	30.32	29.12	29.783	1.2	1.65	30	1	1	5	5	6	13	13
April ....	65	27	52.1	38	30.3	29.2	29.637	1.1	1.825	30	2	2	9	4	8	3	3
May .....	77	30	56.40	47	30.24	29.32	29.6815	1.02	1.65	30	1	3	14	4	3	4	4
June .....	77	37	60.12	40	30.17	29.36	29.785	1.01	1.65	30	1	3	9	4	3	4	4
July .....	82	45	63.56	37	30.26	29.39	29.632	1.07	2.625	30	1	3	9	4	3	4	4
August ..	79	43	64.48	36	30.21	29.64	29.9435	1.07	1.5	30	1	3	7	1	13	7	7
September	71	37	52.38	34	30.16	29.24	29.6657	1.09	3.075	30	1	3	7	1	10	10	10
October ..	69	33	54.35	36	30.03	29.29	29.627	1.04	4.4	30	1	3	7	1	10	10	10
November	58	28	49.32	30	30.44	29.26	29.6264	1.18	1.6	30	1	3	7	1	10	10	10
December	55	21	41.67	34	30.39	29.69	29.7283	1.40	2.15	30	1	3	7	1	10	10	10
Year .....	82	10	60.36	72	30.5	29.9	29.797	1.6	26.905	8	6	11	4	61	46	92	135

(Kept at High Wycombe, Bucks.)

Month.	Thermometer.				Barometer.				Rain.	Winds.							
	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.		Inches.	N.	S.	E.	N.E.	S.E.	N.W.	S.W.
January..	49	19	33.01269	30	30.34	29.81	29.57741	1.53	9.781	6	1	6	1	6	4	6	1
February..	60	5	33.60294	55	30.03	29.68	29.56113	1.35	3.0683	3	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
March ..	60	27	42.64112	33	30.23	29.88	29.61376	1.35	2.8675	5	2	1	1	1	1	1	1
April ....	64	35	49.36686	29	30.3	29.83	29.43252	1.47	1.27635	5	2	1	1	1	1	1	1
May .....	69	25	49.7258	44	30.06	29.17	29.68638	0.89	2.86375	5	2	1	1	1	1	1	1
June .....	73	25	49.58375	48	29.95	29.32	29.70111	0.63	1.75623	5	2	1	1	1	1	1	1
July .....	78	45	58.77222	33	30.09	29.36	29.72322	0.73	3.4635	5	2	1	1	1	1	1	1
August ..	78	43	60.6096	35	30.08	29.39	29.70548	0.63	3.11215	5	2	1	1	1	1	1	1
September	68	30	49.79533	38	30	29.47	29.65333	0.53	4.15	5	2	1	1	1	1	1	1
October ..	69	30	51.6133	39	30.15	29.02	29.6384	1.13	3.6375	5	2	1	1	1	1	1	1
November	64	20	43.3633	44	30.26	29.02	29.63844	1.24	2.7075	5	2	1	1	1	1	1	1
December	52	5	38.90329	47	30.19	29.67	29.46483	1.53	3.4635	5	2	1	1	1	1	1	1
Year .....	79	9	47.43758	69	30.34	29.66	29.61571	1.68	34.6543	42	20	21	66	39	43	65	80

(Kept at Cheltenham.)

Month.	Thermometer.				Barometer.				Rain.	Winds.							
	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.		Inches.	N.	S.	E.	N.E.	S.E.	N.W.	S.W.
January..	42.5	10	32.145	32.5	30.36	29.76	29.778	1.59	9.3	5	1	6	3	8	2	1	1
February..	58	17	36.45	41	30.07	29.16	29.466	0.91	1.5	5	1	5	3	3	1	1	1
March ..	68	36.5	46.4	31.9	30.38	29.23	29.457	1.15	1.1	1	1	5	3	3	1	1	1
April ....	74.5	26	50.38	48.5	30.5	29.61	29.69	0.89	1.5	1	1	5	3	3	1	1	1
May .....	73	40	55.45	33	30.05	29.19	29.32	0.86	3.4	1	1	5	3	3	1	1	1
June .....	70	43	55.9	27	29.92	29.25	29.616	0.67	3.4	1	1	5	3	3	1	1	1
July .....	81.5	49	63.06	32.5	30.04	29.25	29.65	0.79	1	1	1	5	3	3	1	1	1
August ..	74	43.5	58.234	31.5	30	29.1	29.424	0.9	1	1	1	5	3	3	1	1	1
September	67	43.5	55.09	23.5	30	29.2	29.52	1.0	1	1	1	5	3	3	1	1	1
October ..	71	29.5	50.35	42	30.4	29.03	29.615	1.37	1	1	1	5	3	3	1	1	1
November	61	33	46.778	28	30.07	29.8	29.92	1.27	1	1	1	5	3	3	1	1	1
December	52	15	36.70	37	30.14	29.76	29.937	1.38	10	1	1	5	3	3	1	1	1
Year .....	81.5	10	49.75	71.5	30.38	29.76	29.65	1.62	43	30	50	10	51	10	113	113	113

Month.	Thermometer.				Barometer.				Rain.	Winds.							
	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.		Inches.	N.	S.	E.	N.E.	S.E.	N.W.	S.W.
January..	50	23	36.47	28	30.26	29.81	29.642	1.55	5	1	1	3	1	5	14	1	1
February..	61	29	42.7	32	30.07	29.75	29.563	1.32	3	1	1	3	1	1	1	1	1
March ..	60.5	32.5	46.52	28	30.16	29.8	29.573	1.36	2	1	1	3	1	1	1	1	1
April ....	62.5	34.5	48.5	28	30.14	29.86	29.443	1.28	6	1	1	3	1	1	1	1	1
May .....	69.5	33	54.146	36.5	30.18	29.22	29.81	0.96	1	1	1	3	1	1	1	1	1
June .....	72.5	48	61.3	24.5	29.97	29.44	29.785	0.53	3	1	1	3	1	1	1	1	1
July .....	77.5	50	63.535	27.5	30.06	29.46	29.765	0.6	3	1	1	3	1	1	1	1	1
August ..	77.5	50.5	64.47	27	29.96	29.44	29.71	0.52	3	1	1	3	1	1	1	1	1
September	68	46	56.08	22	29.94	29.14	29.64	0.8	9	1	1	3	1	1	1	1	1
October ..	68	43	57.33	25	30.00	29.03	29.561	1.04	1	1	1	3	1	1	1	1	1
November	58	32.5	46.778	25.5	30.04	29.16	29.635	1.08	1	1	1	3	1	1	1	1	1
December	48.5	35	46.08	13.5	30.2	29.83	29.532	1.38	9	1	1	3	1	1	1	1	1
Year .....	77.5	25	52.047	52.5	30.26	29.83	29.64	1.74	36	84	32	43	27	48	21	101	101

At Edmonton, the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground; the extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a self-registering thermometer, in a similar situation; the daily range of the barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight A.M. till eight P.M.; the weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations; the rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

At Wycombe, the thermometer and barometer are registered at eight A.M., at three and ten P.M.; the extreme cold is ascertained by a self-registering thermometer; the wind is the result of the most frequent observations.

At Cheltenham, the temperature is ascertained by a self-registering thermometer, suspended about five feet from the ground, in a north-east aspect, and the observation made daily at eight A.M.; the winds and barometer are registered at eight A.M. and eight P.M.

## ADVERTISEMENTS,

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On Monday, the 2d of April, at Eleven o'clock, Dr. Grant will commence this Course, embracing a General View of the Structure, Classification, and History of the Recent and Fossil Species of all the Classes of the Animal Kingdom.

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March 21st, will be published.

**PORTRAITS and MEMOIRS of Lord**

Belland, Right Hon. J. W. Croker, and Robert Dundas, late Lord Chief Baron of Scotland, in No. XXXVI. of the *Portrait Gallery*. The Memoirs, Oxford; Grant, Cambridge; Stillies Brothers, Edinburgh; and Wakeman, Dublin; where Terms of Inserting Bills and Advertisements may be had.

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